CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

The Beaver

FEBRUARY | MARCH 2003 $5.95

The Charmed Life of **Robert Service**

The Fairest Girl
The First Miss Canada

A Slave Among the Nootka

Ned McGowan's War

GET INSPIRED!

Be part of Historica's Summer Institutes for Teachers

HISTOR!CA

Being able to learn from other teachers in an academic setting has been an **enriching** and **inspiring** experience.
Michelle Doucet, Moncton

I've gained many new ideas, strategies and techniques for engaging my students and having **history come alive**... It really is a unique professional development experience. You come away a much, much richer teacher.
Tom Veenstra, Toronto

It's really been a wonderful **creative experience** that's going to help greatly in my role as a teacher. For professional development, you can't beat the Summer Institute. We've come away with **new** resources, strategies, materials, and **ideas** for teaching Canadian history. And, we've formed a network of support which will serve us well when we return to our classrooms.
Dorothy Hlady, Calgary

TEACHERS OF GRADES 3–9
July 6–13, 2003
Laurentian University

TEACHERS OF GRADES 9–12
July 2–9, 2003
Université de Montréal & Lower Canada College

DETAILS AND APPLICATIONS:
www.histori.ca OR 1.800.567.1867 x221

APPLICATION DEADLINE: March 28, 2003

The Historica Foundation of Canada is a charitable organization dedicated to increasing awareness and understanding of Canadian history and its importance in shaping our future. Through its website, www.histori.ca, and the support of interactive, leading edge educational programs, Historica aims to bring Canadian history to life in classrooms and communities from coast to coast to coast.

The Beaver

FEBRUARY | MARCH 2003 VOL. 83:1

FEATURES

8 Back to Back
by Paul vanPeenen
Recapturing George Back's Arctic.

14 In Bondage
by Tom Derreck
Canada's slave-holding past.

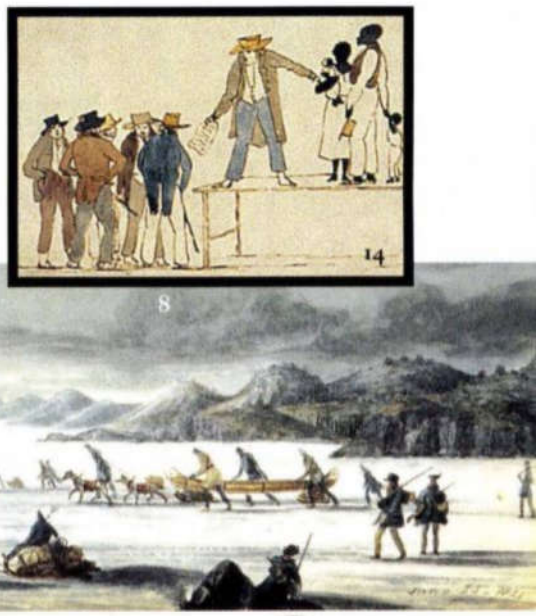
20 Ned McGowan's War
by Donald J. Hauka
B.C. on the brink of American annexation.

29 The Fairest Girl
by David Goss
The first Miss Canada.

32 The Charmed Life of Robert Service
by Robert Stewart
Wanderlust and the poet of the Yukon.

39 A Slave Among the Nootka
by Graham Chandler
The adventures of John R. Jewitt.

43 Whooping It Up at the Beaver Club
by Bryan Eddington
Fun and games in old Montreal.



COLUMNS

6
Explorations
Sewing up the border

51
Encounter
William Lyon Mackenzie

54
Christopher Moore
In the long run

DEPARTMENTS

2
Letters
Dead drunk

4
Currents
Louis's lost years
Seeking Franklin's ships
A tale of two Timothys

45
Reviews
Indian poetess
Map mystery

49
Moment
Becoming Canadians

52
Artifact
Bathing suit

PLUS

53
The Society
Introducing the new logo
Governor General's Award gala

56
Album
Clowning around

On the cover: Winifred Blair, Miss Canada 1922. Photograph courtesy Ann Drummie.

Letters

Sandwell's *Saturday Night*

Like Suzanne Bowness ["Archiving Saturday Night," December 2002/January 2003], I recall that SN was the first magazine I subscribed to in my youth. She refers to several notables among the fifteen editors, but surprisingly fails to mention its most outspoken, B.K. Sandwell, editor from 1932 to 1951. He turned it into an influential national voice for liberal thought during that illiberal stretch that covered the Regina Riots, the Padlock Laws in Quebec, the War Measures Act, internment camps for Canadian citizens, and then McCarthyism. Donald Creighton described him as "witty and urbane," his magazine "the only English-Canadian weekly of any standing" in the 1930s. With Frank Scott and Arthur Lower, Sandwell was among the activists trekking to Ottawa for our civil rights and embedding them in our constitution forty years before that achievement. I'll let Robert Fulford, another editor of SN, have the last word on Sandwell: "Progressive but not too progressive, tolerant but not too tolerant." Indeed, he was a reliable witness of his times.

Bruce Conron
Scarborough, Ontario

The *Beaver* welcomes readers' comments. E-mail us at <cnhs@historysociety.ca> or write to *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 0T6 Canada. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

Dead drunk

Further to your article "Anatomically Incorrect" [October/November 2002], I would like to point out it was not only in Montreal and environs that bodysnatching took place. My maternal grandfather, Dr. F.J. Woods of Lincoln, Nebraska, before his death fifty-two years ago in his late 80s, told me of his involvement in similar episodes when he was a medical student.

He said they would watch the obituaries for good candidates. He never mentioned exhuming women but said that when two of them dug up a male corpse, it would almost invariably have been buried in its best clothes. They would wear similar clothing under overalls. After removing the body they would reclose and rebury the coffin and take off their overalls. They placed the body between them on the seat of their horse-drawn buggy and, after taking a couple of swigs of whisky and pouring some on the deceased, they would act as if they were a trio of inebriates, one of whom had passed out on their way home from a party!

I don't know how often my grandfather was involved in such escapades, but he was never caught and subsequently carried on a successful medical practice in Barnston and Lincoln, Nebraska, for many years. In his late seventies he took up residence in Canada – which, he maintained, was the only country with a future.

Harlo L. Jones, Winnipeg, Manitoba

Peoli in pic?

In your illustration of Jack Turner's photograph of the ruined Cloth Hall at Ypres [October/November 2002], the hurtling aeroplane appears to be about to make its contribution to the wreckage below. This fanciful montage incorporates a ground-to-air photograph of a 1912 Baldwin Red Devil biplane. The photo of the plane may have been taken at the provincial exhibition at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, in late September 1912, when American exhibition flyer Cecil Peoli introduced aviation to that province. During that engagement, he took the first photographs from an aeroplane in free flight over Canada.

George A. Fuller, Mount Royal, Quebec

The Beaver, Canada's History Magazine, founded in 1920 by the Hudson's Bay Company, is published bimonthly by Canada's National History Society

CANADA'S HISTORY SOCIETY

Annalee Greenberg, *Editor*
Doug Whiteway, *Associate Editor*
Pat Stanton, *Design Director*
Dorothy Bosma, *Editorial Assistant*

Laird Rankin, *Publisher*
Catherine Kupfer, *Manager, Finance & Development*
Patricia Gerow, *Accountant*
Gale Whiteside, *Manager, Member Services*
Maureen Stokell, Danielle Chartier, *Member Services Representatives*
Pinky Bilugan, *Administrative Assistant*

Rolph Huband, *Publisher Emeritus*

Advisory Committee:
James Arnett
Joanne Burgess
Fernand Harvey
Mark Starowicz
Bill Waiser

The Beaver *Canada's History Magazine* (ISSN 0005-7517), #478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 0T6 Canada. Phone: (204) 988-9300. Fax: (204) 988-9309. Toll Free 1-800-816-6777. E-mail: <cnhs@historysociety.ca> Member Services E-mail: <beaver@historysociety.ca> World Wide Web site: <http://www.thebeaver.ca>

Editorial guidelines can be found on our website. While every care will be taken of manuscripts and illustrations submitted, no liability will be assumed for loss.

Copyright © 2003 by Canada's National History Society. All rights reserved. Reproduction without permission of the publisher is strictly forbidden.

Advertising Representative: **Michael Wile**, 5502 Atlantic Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3H 1G4 Canada. Phone: (902) 421-7022 Fax: (902) 425-0166 E-mail: <michael wile@historysociety.ca>

Annual Subscription (6 issues): Canada, $29.95 (includes GST). Residents of Manitoba, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia add $1.96 on a one-year subscription. Please add $8 a year for U.S. orders and $15 a year for foreign orders. Single copy price: $5.95. Subscribe by phone, fax, mail, e-mail, or through our website: <http://www.thebeaver.ca> GST Registration Number: 13868 1408 RT

Mailing Preference
Occasionally, we may provide our subscriber list to external organizations that may have products or services of interest to our readers.

Subscribers have the right to request their names *not* be used for such third-party purposes. If you *do not* wish to receive such communications, please contact Member Services, at left.

Canadian Postmaster: Send address changes to The Beaver Magazine, #478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3B 0T6. PAP Registration No. 09708. Canadian Publication Agreement No. 40063001.

U.S. Postmaster: Send address changes to The Beaver Magazine, c/o H.A. & J.L. Wood, Inc., Box 329, Pembina, North Dakota 58271–0329.

Second class postage paid at Winnipeg.

CCAB

Issued January 2003

Printed in Canada on recycled paper

We acknowledge the financial support of the Government of Canada through the Publications Assistance Program and the Canada Magazine Fund toward our mailing and editorial costs.

Historic herd

As I PRESENTLY CHAIR a committee for the Wainwright Buffalo National Park Interpretive Centre Foundation, I was particularly drawn to the article entitled "Bison: Back from the Brink" by Bill Burns [October/November 2002]. The foundation was established in 2001 in order to capture and preserve the history of Buffalo National Park, one of Canada's earliest national parks, in operation in Wainwright from 1909–1939. We find that many Canadians are unfamiliar with the existence of this park and the extensive preservation effort that was part of its legacy.

On page 20–21, Mr. Burns indicates that Michel Pablo tried to offer his buffalo to the United States government and only upon their refusal to appropriate funds did he approach the Canadian government. In fact, Michel Pablo was approached by a U.S. government official with an offer to buy his bison, but at a sacrificially low price. Pablo refused to sell at that price, and became suspicious of the motives of the U.S. government when a short time later they opened the Flathead Reserve, where he grazed his buffalo, for settlement. Pablo was forced to find new grazing area. He approached the Canadian government through a Canadian land agent living in Montana to ask for an area to graze his herd; he later agreed to sell it to the Canadian government.

Mr. Burns also suggests that 709 bison were transported to Elk Island Park from the Michel Pablo herd. While it is true that buffalo were transferred to Elk Island Reserve from Pablo's Montana herd, only two shipments were sent there, the first containing 199 head and the second 211. Michel Pablo voiced his concern that Elk Island had "too much sand and bush, and the grass is not what the buffalo are accustomed to." Officials sought a new location for a park, and acquired 100,000 acres south of Wainwright, Alberta, which became Buffalo Park Reserve and later Buffalo National Park. Following this decision, the buffalo from Elk Island Reserve were rounded up and 325 buffalo were shipped to the new park (those that evaded capture formed the basis of the Elk Island Plains Bison herd that exists in the park to this day). In addition, 423 buffalo were added to this national park herd, including shipments from the Pablo herd, Conrad herd, and Rocky Mountain Park herd. When the preservation efforts at Wainwright led to overpopulation, it was buffalo from the Wainwright herd that were sent north to populate Wood Buffalo National Park. Wainwright's Buffalo National Park not only played a great role in the preservation of wildlife in North American but was also involved in crossbreeding programs and in the production of at least two Hollywood movies.

Keith Brower
Wainwright, Alberta

Industrial-strength bison

BILL BURNS, IN HIS INTERESTING ARTICLE on buffalo, quotes Sitting Bull lamenting the loss of the last herd in 1897. Not very likely as the great Sioux leader himself departed the earth seven years earlier, on December 15, 1890.

A Fort Garry Metis hunting expedition is described as consisting of 1500 hunters. Alexander Ross, the Red River historian, accompanied the 1840 summer expedition, generally accepted as the largest ever. Ross states that of the total complement of 1630 Metis, only 620 were hunters.

Mr. Burns describes the demise of the buffalo without mentioning the greatest single factor behind their slaughter. After 1870 and the discovery that the hide was uniquely suitable for industrial belting, killing became an all-year activity and the entire carcass was wasted. Previously only buffalo robes had value. Best taken in the early winter months when prime, curing the robes was a labour-intensive process that provided something of a brake on the hunting.

The prediction that buffalo will displace beef cattle on western plains is a bit fanciful. Demand has lagged so far behind production that the exciting prices paid for breeding stock just a few years ago have disappeared. A similar flurry twenty-five years ago petered out. An attempt to promote the cross-bred and tastier Beefalo also failed. Buffalo are back, and welcome, but it's not likely will they ever enjoy anything more than a niche in the market.

Garrett Wilson
Regina, Saskatchewan

Warts and all

THANK YOU FOR TELLING US about Angus McLaren's book, *Our Own Master Race: Eugenics in Canada 1885–1945* [Editor's note, "Letters," December 2002/January 2003].

I recently wrote a book about the Ku Klux Klan in Alberta and made the point that the Orangemen heartily endorsed the Klan's white supremacism. It is a disturbing tale, offensive to many people in this province. To be fair, during the Depression, this was "scientific racism," widely accepted by many groups, including some Protestant churches and women's groups like the IODE.

The recent television program, "Disrobing the Klan," (HTV's *History's Courtroom*, November 27, 2002) about the march of seventy-five Klansmen in Oakville, Ontario, in 1930 to separate a black man, Ira Johnson, from his white lady friend, Isabel Jones, also does its bit to set our history straight.

Why is our experience with the Klan not included in our history books? I don't believe history is meant to give pleasure or to teach morality so much as it is to give us the facts. Alberta magazines shy away from the truths of this period in our history, so I applaud your courage in bringing integrity to your craft.

W.P. Baergen, Stettler, Alberta

When you advertise in The Beaver, you reach more than **50,000** *dedicated subscribers.*

For further information, contact
Michael Wile, (902) 421-7022
fax: (902) 425-0166
email: michaelwile@historysociety.ca
5502 Atlantic Street
Halifax, Nova Scotia B3H 1G4 Canada
The **Beaver**

TOUCH THE ARCTIC PAST

Retrace the steps of Arctic explorers (**Franklin, Back, Hearne, and others**), delve into Arctic history, and experience the Inuit culture, past and present. Comfortable full-service lodge with interpretive programming, special resource people. An Inuit partnership; our 35th year. World Renown Eco-tourism Lodge
SPECIAL Franklin Weeks, July 18, 25, and Aug. 1, 2003.
www.bathurstarctic.com

Bathurst Inlet Lodge
P.O. Box 820 (BV03), Yellowknife, NT X1A 2N6
Ph: (867) 873-2595, Fax: (867) 920-4263
Email: bathurst@internorth.com

The Continuing Story of the Search for the Franklin's Ships, Episode LXIII

Sometime this August, as the summer sun melts the Arctic Ocean, a group of Canadian and Irish adventurers, filmmakers, and businessmen are scheduled to make their way over water to a spot that's just a dot on the map near King William Sound. Their quest: to find one of the long-lost ships of the famously fatal Franklin Expedition. They won't be the first – since 1845, when Sir John Franklin and 129 crew members disappeared into history seeking the Northwest Passage, numerous search teams have ventured into the Arctic to try and find HMS *Terror* or HMS *Erebus*. But will the Canadian/Irish team be the last? The answer may lie with the wizardry of the modern computer. Last year, using improved magnetometric technology, seven hundred square kilometres of Arctic seabed between the southwestern coast of King William Sound and the northwestern tip of Adelaide Peninsula in Nunavut were scanned for evidence of metal consistent with the steam engines and iron cladding that made the *Terror* and *Erebus* cutting-edge examples of the technology of their day. After crunching the data, several sites showing anomalous magnetometric patterns were chosen for a closer look, one in particular looking the most promising. Now, it's just a case of waiting until that summer sun unlocks the winter ice, and getting out there with sonar equipment, an underwater camera, and scuba gear. Who knows? Perhaps some day soon, the words "The End" can be written to this long-running tale.

His Majesty's Ship Terror Making Fast to an Iceberg in Hudson Strait on the Evening of August 8th, 1836. Watercolour by Lieutenant William Smith.

Take the day off

February 10: To commemorate the end of the Seven Years' War 240 years ago with the signing of the Treaty of Paris. Make a quill pen.

February 23: To celebrate the first powered flight in Canada (and the British Empire) in 1909 by John Alexander Douglas McCurdy at Baddeck, Nova Scotia, in the *Silver Dart*. Get your boarding passes ready.

March 5: To note the day that Sir John A. Macdonald's Conservatives won the 1891 election under the slogan, "the old man, the old flag, the old policy." Imagine winning anything these days with the word *old*.

March 12: To mark the first edition in 1851 of *Voice of the Fugitive*, the first black newspaper in Canada, published by former slave Henry Walton Bibb. Turn to page 14 of this magazine.

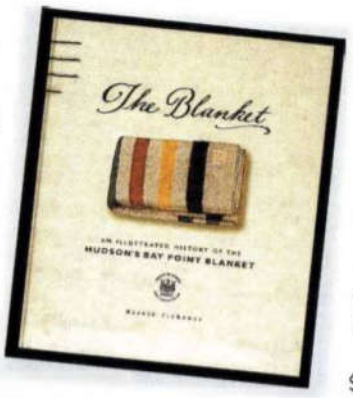
Bloomin' history

Well, here it is – February, and winter's gone on just too darn long. So here's an item on the Butchart Gardens, just north of Victoria, B.C. The gardens, twenty-two hectares of flowers and lawns and bucolic vistas, which started a hundred years ago as a beautification project by Jennie Butchart in her husband's worked-out quarry, has begun centenary celebrations that will culminate in January 2004. This is just swell, but, basically, we're shamelessly using the occasion as an excuse to look at pictures of the over seven hundred varieties of flowers and greenery, breathe in our imaginations the aroma of moist soil, and savour the coming of spring, which – officially – is only about seven weeks away; unofficially, depending on your location, months away.

Great places and spaces

Every city, town, and possibly village and hamlet across the breadth of this commodious hunk of real estate we call Canada has outstanding examples of architecture, be they brickworks, schoolhouses, breweries, newspapers, churches, synagogues, stables, roundhouses, halls, or factories. The trouble is, most of us rarely get the chance to get a peek inside, much less wander about oohing and aahing and looking for the washroom. The Heritage Canada Foundation, your friendly neighborhood patrimony advocate, would like to change that – by suggesting, aiding, and abetting (but not financing; don't get your hopes up) cities, towns, villages, and hamlets to institute a Doors Open program. Toronto's done it. So's Ottawa. And the response has been encouraging. The time has come, declareth Heritage Canada, that the rest of us do it, if we like. Seems like a good idea. The concept is simple: buildings of architectural and historical significance open their doors for a day or a weekend to the hoi polloi. They may, if they wish, provide guided tours, special exhibits, displays, or performances. And no charge is the rule. Of course, the devil's in the details, in both architecture and in executing an architectural tour, so local organizations will have to take it in hand. But Heritage Canada is there to inspire and perform. Further information may be found at <www.heritagecanada.org>.

What's the point?



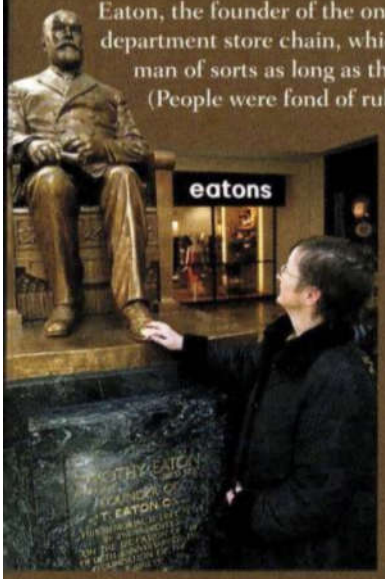
The point is this: It's one of a rank of short dark lines threaded into the corner of a Hudson's Bay blanket that looks like someone started to draw a music score, then thought better of it. Likely from the French word *empointer* – meaning to make threaded stitches on cloth – a point represents about nine square feet of finished cloth. The more points a blanket has, the bigger its area and, therefore, value.

Having never quite got the point of the point, some of us are grateful to *The Blanket: An Illustrated History of the Hudson's Bay Point Blanket*, by Harold Tichenor, who has an extensive collection of HBC blankets. The point blanket, as *The Blanket*, the first book to fully document the item, reveals, is one of those ordinary domestic products that over time becomes iconic, embodying an array of social forces. For more than two hundred years, the blankets have been an item of trade, a form of currency, an article of clothing (and not immune to status, fashion, and fad either), winter sleds, gold-panning sieves, with myriad other uses. Sometimes they've even been used as blankets. Along the way they have changed the lives of First Nations peoples, become a home staple for generations of Canadians, and, in coat form, have symbolized the country at several Winter Olympic Games (though, ironically, the blanket is made in England).

A further point: This illuminating book is available for $19.95 at the Bay, at <www.hbc.com>, or through the Beaver Book Club.

A tale of two Timothys

While Winnipeg's downtown Eaton's store was turning from a very large block-shaped object on Portage Avenue to rubble over the past year, some tussle was underway over the destination of the statue of Timothy Eaton, the founder of the once-venerable department store chain, which was a talisman of sorts as long as the store stood. (People were fond of rubbing its boot for luck.) The Eaton family had pressed to have the statue, one of only two, removed to St. Mary's, Ontario, where Timothy E. opened his first store. But there was much grumbling and dark muttering in Winnipeg, so the government of Manitoba designated it a Heritage Object. Ah, the power of incantation. The Eaton statue will now pretty much stay put, shifting over to the new large block-shaped "entertainment complex" that is replacing the Eaton's store. There, its magic boot will continue to offer solace to the weary and downhearted.



The other Timothy E. statue is at the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto, in case you're wondering.

Louis: The Lost Years

While much is known about Louis Riel, the Métis leader and founder of Manitoba in 1870, and Louis Riel, the central figure in the 1885 North-West Rebellion, less is known about him during the time in between – notably his period of exile in the United States. Now, a diary transcript that had been lying in the North Dakota State Archives since the 1980s, after it was discovered in a San Diego garbage can, may shed light on some of those lost years. The transcript, rediscovered by University of Calgary ethnohistorian Heather Devine, who was researching her own Métis roots, is of a journal called "Buffalo Hunters of the Pembinah" kept by an unknown Englishman travelling the Plains in the early 1870s. Contained among the detailed descriptions of the day-to-day life of a Métis bison-hunting community are numerous references to a Métis guide, travelling under the assumed name Robideau, who was on the run from British authorities for advocating Métis rights in Canada. Entries also describe him as an unusual man who liked writing letters and poems, activities strongly associated with Riel. Although Devine cautions that "Robideau" may be a Riel ally who fled Manitoba at the same time, the transcript, which is of the original diary found in a North Dakota farmer's attic in the 1870s wrapped in animal skins and subsequently lost, remains sufficiently tantalizing for further study.

Website east, website west

Once upon a time, the Micmac had uncontested sovereignty over what became Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, most of New Brunswick, and parts of the Gaspé Peninsula. Then the Europeans arrived and Micmac history, traditionally expressed through oral testimony and hieroglyphic drawings, became engulfed in a new order where the written word was king, followed in due course by photography, film, and sound recording. This paper and celluloid trail, as it were, has now been organized by Nova Scotia Archives and Records Management into a comprehensive Micmac omnium-gatherum at <**www.gov.ns.ca/nsarm/virtual/mikmaq/**> that should appeal to researchers and browsers alike. There's a database of some three hundred documents, a virtual exhibit of photographs, artifacts, art, and maps, genealogical resources, film clips from the 1930s, audio clips by pioneer Nova Scotia folklorist Helen Creighton – even a commentary on spelling alternatives (Mi'kmaq) and pronunciation (*Meeg-em-ach*).

Meanwhile, moving *a mari usque ad mare* we come to British Columbia, whose history continues to confound and delight, so much so that we found ourselves bookmarking <**www.bchistory.ca**> to stay abreast of the latest buzz, particularly through the handily formatted PDF version of the *British Columbia Historical News*, the quarterly journal of the British Columbia Historical Federation. This quarter looks at the history of the womanly arts of Victorian B.C., so if china painting, needlepoint, and Emily Carr are your cup of approved temperance beverage, then you know where to go.

Sewing Up the Border

The boundary between Alaska and British Columbia, the final section of the 6,420-kilometre frontier between Canada and the U.S., was defined exactly one hundred years ago. Although later eulogized as the "world's longest undefended border," for the century and a quarter before 1903, the U.S.-Canadian boundary was anything *but* undefended. The British used Canada as a base to attack the rebellious American colonies, and the Americans invaded Canada twice, in 1775–76 and again from 1812 to 1814. There has been no subsequent invasion, but war between Britain and the United States, in which Canada would have been the target of U.S. forces, seemed imminent after the Canadian rebellions of 1837–38, and during the Oregon Crisis of 1846 and the U.S. Civil War. After the Civil War ended, the American purchase of Alaska from Russia aroused concern in Ottawa and London that the U.S. would usurp Canada's western patrimony and thwart its transcontinental ambitions. The Alaska purchase helped to push the infant Dominion to buy the northwestern empire of the Hudson's Bay Company and to persuade British Columbia to become the fifth province, extending Canadian authority to the Pacific Ocean and into the Arctic. Canada's southern boundary with the U.S. had been set at the forty-ninth parallel in British-American negotiations in 1818 and 1846, and arbitration of the boundary through the Strait of Juan de Fuca in 1872 seemed to end any acrimony over boundaries. The borderline between the U.S. Alaska Territory and British Columbia remained unresolved, but no one seemed to care.

The discovery of gold in Yukon Territory in 1896 suddenly made the boundary matter. Fifty thousand prospectors rushed to the Klondike, many of them American citizens. Interpreting their presence as a threat, the Canadian government promptly organized a territorial government and dispatched troops to maintain order and assert Canadian sovereignty. Their task was complicated by the near impossibility of reaching the gold fields by any route that passed entirely through Canadian territory. Most migrants came by steamer to the American port of Skagway in the Alaska Panhandle, and trekked through the White or the Chilkoot Pass into Canadian territory. The riches of the region made jurisdiction over coastal access points contentious. Although a lengthy border was in question, the principal issue was which country controlled the head of the Lynn Canal, the strait that joined Skagway to the North Pacific. Both sides took extreme positions. Canada claimed the boundary followed a line along the heads of the ubiquitous inlets that ran into the mountains from the Pacific, thus incorporating the Lynn Canal, including Skagway, into Canada. The United States conversely claimed a line that would have brought a significant portion of northern British Columbia and the Yukon under American jurisdiction.

Much more was at stake in the Alaska boundary dispute than simple lines on a map. The United States was emerging as an imperial power. In 1895, Britain and the United States had rattled sabres over the boundary between British Guiana and the U.S. client state of Venezuela. War would have meant an American invasion of Canada, but arbitration averted conflict. The Venezuela crisis, writes C.P. Stacey, "was the last occasion when active military preparations were made in Canada for defense against the United States."

Thereafter, as the balance of power in Europe and the Far East shifted with the rise of Germany and Japan, and the Americans won a decisive victory in the 1898 Spanish-American War, British strategy in the Western Hemisphere was to placate America rather than to confront it.

The Alaska boundary remained unsettled in 1901 when Theodore Roosevelt came to the White House and added his aggressive personality to an already difficult situation. The new president saw America's national honour at stake. Beyond that, his vision of American national security involved the linking of Atlantic and Pacific; Alaska represented an important strategic stepping stone to Asia, and control of the approach to Alaska was simply too important to leave to chance, the Canadians, or third-party arbitration. Roosevelt dispatched American troops as a sign of U.S. resolve to control the area against both international interlopers and the unruly local population. The president adamantly refused arbi-

Opinions expressed in Explorations are the author's own, and do not necessarily reflect those of the *Beaver*.

tration, arguing that the Canadian case was too weak to be taken seriously.

British desire not to alienate the United States contributed to an agreement in January 1903 to resolve the boundary by a tribunal of six "impartial" jurists, three to be appointed by each party, though Roosevelt privately warned the British that if the commission failed to sustain the U.S. position, he would use American military forces to achieve the same end. The president appointed three outspoken partisans as the U.S. commissioners: Secretary of War Elihu Root, Massachusetts Republican senator Henry Cabot Lodge, and former Washington state Republican senator George Turner, spokesman for U.S. West Coast shipping interests determined to keep the Alaska ports American. The two Canadians chosen to serve among the British appointees – Sir Louis Jetté, lieutenant governor of Quebec, and Allen B. Aylesworth, a Toronto lawyer – were less public in their partisanship, but there is no evidence they didn't champion the merits of the Canadian case. The third British representative, Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice of England, was a man not to be envied.

The outcome of the commission's inquiry remains part of Canadian historical mythology. Lord Alverstone, this version runs, sold out Canada in the interest of Anglo-American accord. By a four-to-two decision, with Alverstone voting with the Americans, the commission awarded the critical control of the head of the Lynn Canal and the vital coastal strip to the United States. There were minor concessions to Canada, such as the award of two islands in the Portland Channel, but these were of little consequence. Any fair assessment of the merits of the case, however, suggests that Lord Alverstone would have been remiss to find otherwise. Because both documentary evidence and actual occupation argued in favour of the United States, the Canadian cause was hopeless. Nineteenth-century Russian and British maps confirmed that the area in question had been Russian prior to 1867, and thus had become American with the Alaska purchase. After the purchase, neither Britain nor Canada had protested the U.S. development of Skagway as a port. But given the British desire for American friendship, Alverstone likely would not have supported the more extreme Canadian boundary demands, even had Canada had the stronger legal claim. Roosevelt made Canada's humiliation more painful. He praised Lord Alverstone's "lofty and fair-minded position," and crowed that the award was "far and away the greatest diplomatic success which the United States have gained for a generation."

The two Canadians on the panel ostentatiously refused to sign the decision and were hailed as national heroes. For Canadians, the boundary dispute spurred Canadian nationalism, anti-Americanism, and resentment against British authority, a sentiment that gave English and French Canadians common cause. The Alaska Boundary dispute thus became a decisive moment in Canadian relations with the United States. The appointment of a majority of Canadians to an Anglo-American boundary tribunal had proved useless in guarding Canada's interests, but by its failure was part of the eventual emergence of an independent Canadian relationship with the U.S.

Between 1905 and 1911, with Britain's considerable cooperation, Canada and the U.S. concluded eight treaties or agreements and cleaned the slate of long-standing quarrels. The most significant departure was that there were now *de facto* direct relations between Ottawa and Washington, with only minimal British supervision. With Great Britain "out of the game," Canadian diplomat Sir George Gibbons noted to Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier, "there will be little prestige in tackling a little fellow." With the boundary firmly in place after the Alaska dispute, the United States resisted the temptation to bully its small neighbour and to assert the obvious asymmetry of power between the two countries.

Yet the outcome boundary dispute also underlined this lopsided distribution of power in North America. In 1903, no Canadian accepted this disparity as permanent. In the thirty-five years since Confederation, Canada had crossed the continent, and the original four provinces had become nine. Canadians were assured they would catch up and build a country materially equal to America and morally superior to it. "As the nineteenth century was the century of the United States," said Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier from innumerable platforms, "so shall the twentieth century belong to Canada."

A century later the issues have changed from boundaries to softwood lumber, wheat, missile defense systems, security against terrorism, and war with Iraq. The United States and Canada are allied militarily in NATO and NORAD, joined economically in NAFTA, and connected by myriad diverse networks that political scientists call "non-governmental continental subsystems." Yet a U.S. president's truculent unilateralism once again embarrasses his secretary of state, and a Canadian prime minister echoes Laurier with his comments that Canada is "the best country in the world." The asymmetry of power within North America is no less stark, and probably more so, than it was in 1903. And in 2003 it is an asymmetry that Canadians no longer imagine can be altered, however loudly Molson's "Joe Canada" may rant.

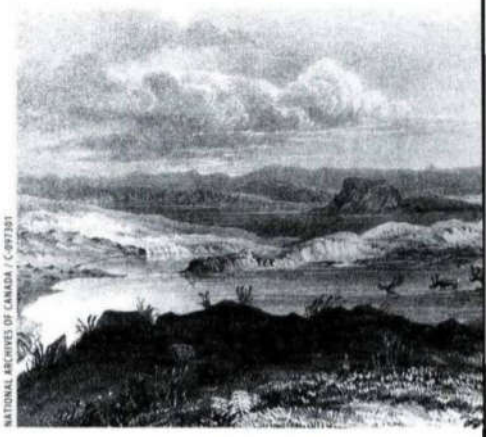
Some authors and many politicians argue that a "special relationship" links Washington and Ottawa, that the United States–Canada relationship is unlike any other international interaction, and that the fundamental maxim of international relations – that nations have no friends, only interests – has been suspended in the interest of North American harmony. In terms of U.S. foreign policy, however, now as in 1903, what is striking about relations with Canada is how *un*exceptional the so-called "special relationship" has in fact been. American policy toward Canada conforms to, rather than diverges from, American policy toward the rest of the world. In 1903, U.S. policy toward Canada was guided by the goals of gaining global strategic advantage, guaranteed access to natural resources, security for U.S. investments and markets, and assuring that Canada did not become a gap in American hemispheric security. None of these goals has changed in one hundred years.

John Herd Thompson, professor of history at Duke University in Durham, North Carolina, is coauthor with Stephen J. Randall of *Canada and the United States: Ambivalent Allies* (McGill-Queen's University Press, 2002). The Americans he teaches at Duke are benevolently ignorant about Canada, unlike the Canadians he once taught at McGill, who were malevolently well informed about the U.S.

written and photographed by
Paul vanPeenen

Back

More than a capable explorer, George Back was a talented artist who captured the subtle beauty of the Arctic during several nineteenth-century expeditions. Recently, B.C. adventurer Paul vanPeenen followed in Back's footsteps and recaptured the scenes that so inspired his predecessor.


NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-091201

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-141492

Camped beside the Back River in June 1999, I looked at a picture in Commander George Back's journal of his 1834 expedition down the Great Fish River, and realized I was in the same spot where he had made his sketch. I set up my camera and took photographs, trying to duplicate that image created 165 years earlier.

Every time I look at that photograph, I am transported back to that spot. It is a quiet, undulating landscape. The view seems to go on forever. An esker trails off to the right, and the river, in its infancy, trickles out of ice-covered Sussex Lake to begin its 1,100-kilometre journey to Arctic tidewater. It is a land still very much the same as when Back wandered those hills.

It was my first time on the Barrens of northern Canada. The landscape overwhelmed me. I wallowed in its soft, golden light. I wandered for hours along eskers, marvelling at the vastness of this undisturbed land. There seemed to be no secrets. Everything was right there at my feet. All I had to do was look down and around to see the subtle beauty of this unique ecosystem.

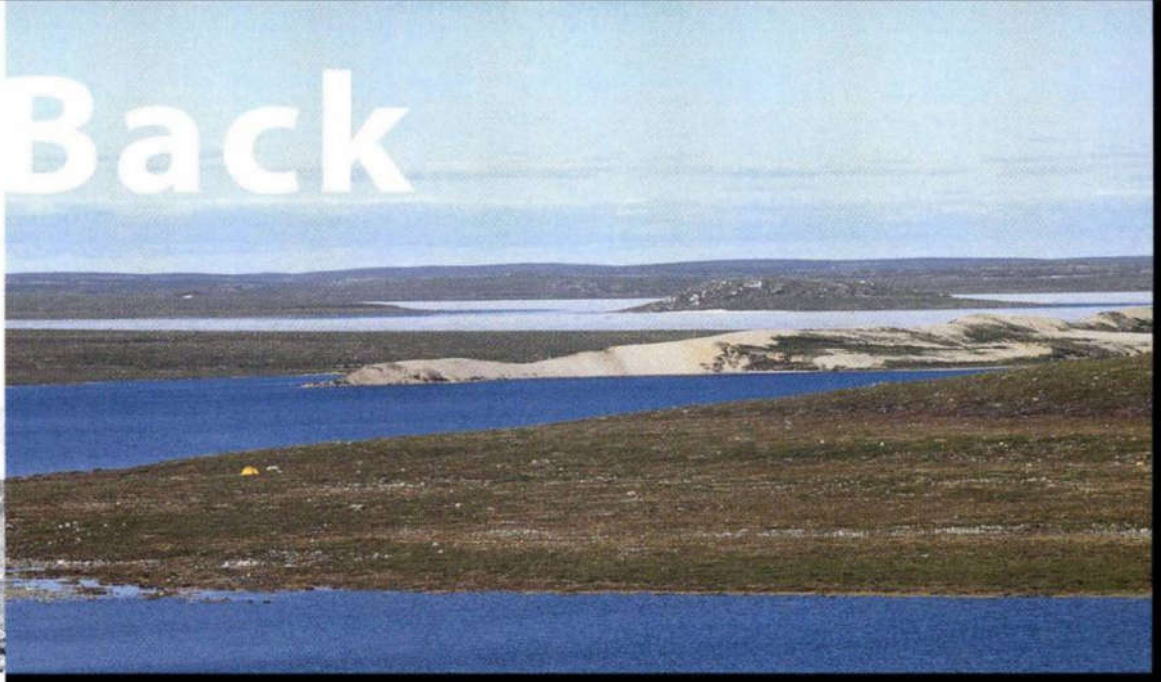
For ten weeks my travelling companions and I retraced Back's 1834 journey. We began at Fort Reliance, which was built by Back and his men in the fall of 1833 on the shores of Charlton Bay on Great Slave Lake's east end. We travelled north along the Lockhart River, crossed the height of land into the Back River and descended it to Chantrey Inlet on the Arctic Ocean, a journey of nearly 1,400 kilometres. Along the way I read Back's descriptions of the landscape and photographed many of the same places that he had sketched. At the end of the trip, I promised myself to come back to the Barrens.

In 1821, then twenty-five-year-old Midshipman Back served under Lieutenant John Franklin on his first overland expedition in search of the Northwest Passage. After spending the winter at Fort Enterprise, 250 kilometres north of present-day Yellowknife, Franklin and his men set off down the Coppermine River, continued eastwards along the coast into Bathurst Inlet, travelling as far as Point Turnagain on the Kent Peninsula before returning to Fort Enterprise.

One hundred and eighty years later, in the summer of 2001, I retraced part of that 1821 journey. Supported by the Royal Canadian Geographical Society, I mounted a fifty-eight-day solo expedition travelling more than a thousand kilometres from Fort Enterprise to the mouth of the Hood River in Bathurst Inlet, Nunavut. Here, the Franklin party began its desperate return journey overland back to Fort Enterprise as winter encroached on the starving men.

Back again accompanied Franklin in 1826 down the Mackenzie River and west along the coast. Back's talent as an artist was the main reason he was a member of both of Franklin's expedi-

to Back



Upper left: *Sussex Lake, source of the Thlew-ee-choh-dezeth, August 28, 1833.*

Above: *Sussex Lake, source of the Back River, June 25, 1999.*

While Fort Reliance was being constructed at Great Slave Lake in late summer, 1833, Back set out to find the source of the Thlew-ee-choh-dezeth or Great Fish River. At the north end of Aylmer Lake, he sent out four men to find the river, but when they didn't return when expected, he went out himself to look for them and "discovered" the river:

"I ascended a hill, from the top of which I discerned, to my great delight, a rapid, evidently connected with the stream which flowed through the narrow channel from the lake. With quickened step I proceeded to trace its course, and, in doing so, was further gratified at being obliged to wade through the sedgy waters of springs. Crossing two rivulets, whose lively ripple ran due north into the rapid, the thought occurred to me, that these feeders might be tributaries of the Thlew-ee-choh; and, yielding to that pleasing emotion, which discoverers, in the first bound of their transport, may be pardoned for indulging, I threw myself down on the bank, and drank a hearty draught of the limpid water."

Left: *Setting out on Point Lake, June 25, 1821*

Above: *Crossing Aylmer Lake, June 24, 1999.*

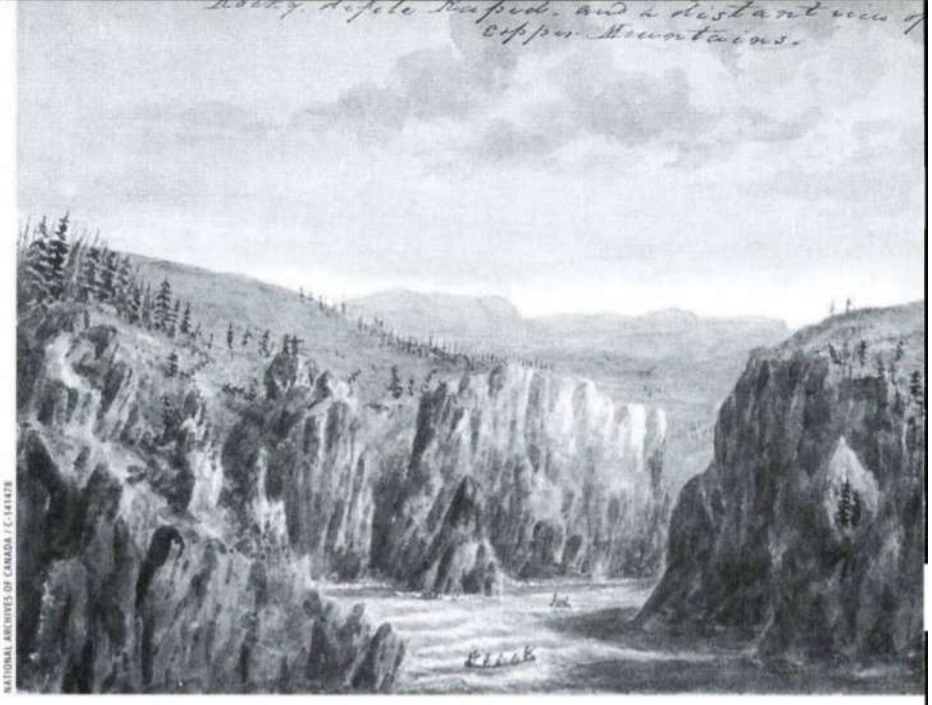
On June 25, 1821, John Franklin, accompanied by George Back and the rest of the crew and a group of Yellowknife natives, set off down Point Lake on the Coppermine River on their journey of discovery:

"The scene was interesting and novel – a lake bounded on each side with high and almost perpendicular rocks, whose green summits were capp'd with large stones – pines - claimed the first attention – whilst the continued ranges of receding blue hills … was scarcely less attractive – our own cavalcade possessed the centre, and what with the total innovation of transporting canoes in such a manner – the singular appearance of the men and sledges – the positions and dress of the officers as well as the deep contrast between the perpetual silence of the place, and the animation of the party – afforded a most perfect view of a voyage of discovery."

Lower left: Born in 1795, George Back participated in Arctic exploration from 1818 until 1837, accompanying John Franklin on two expeditions and participating in an 1834 search mission for John Ross, during which he travelled the river named for him. Back is believed to have learned watercolour technique while a prisoner in France during the Napoleonic Wars. In the Arctic, to sketch the rock formations, coasts, campsites, and native life, he used a camera lucida, a prism mounted over a drawing board that enabled an artist to draw outlines in the correct perspective – a useful tool in the bright, undifferentiated light of the Arctic.

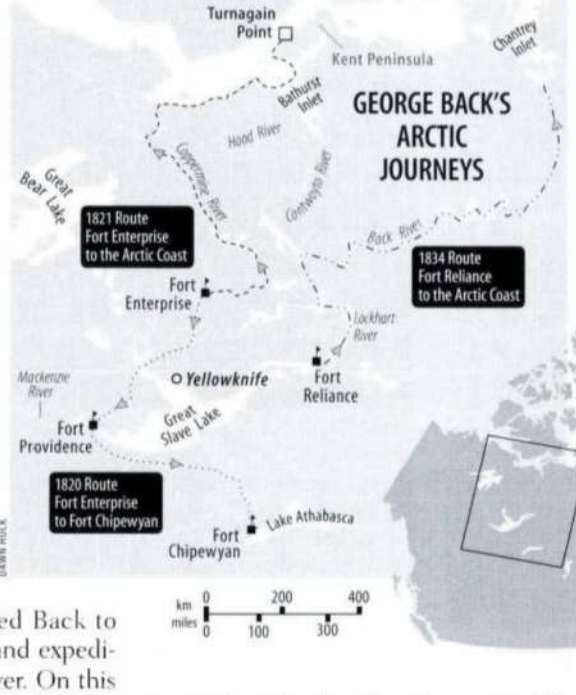
Lower right: Author/photographer Paul vanPeenen.

tions. Back's sketches and paintings from these three journeys, compiled in five sketchbooks, survive to this day at the National Archives of Canada in Ottawa. They are remarkable treasures from nineteenth-century Arctic exploration, and we are lucky to have them. They provide a glimpse of the country and its inhabitants at a time when Europeans were only just beginning to make inroads into the vast northern tundra. Many of the drawings and watercolour paintings were made while exploring and surveying three major rivers and a large part of the continent's northern coast in search of the Northwest Passage. They are among the most valuable records of that time.



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-141478

Back was born in Stockport, England, on November 6, 1796, and entered the Royal Navy just before his twelfth birthday as a midshipman onboard the *Arethusa*. Several months later, in April 1809, Back was taken prisoner by the French and spent the next five years growing up in a prisoner-of-war camp at Verdun, returning home in May 1814. After various postings, his life became forever intertwined with that of Franklin when, in 1818, Back joined the crew of the *Trent* under his command. The *Trent* sailed for Arctic waters around Spitsbergen, and Franklin noted Back's artistic brilliance.

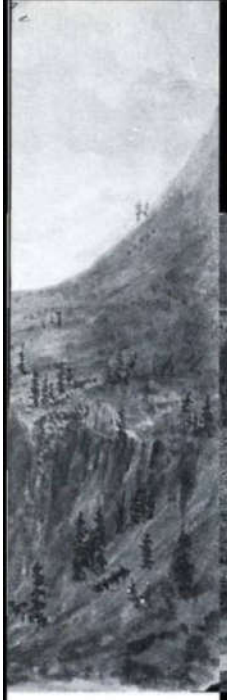


NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-091307

In 1819, Franklin invited Back to join him on the first overland expedition to the Coppermine River. On this journey, Back not only showed his artistic talent but also his superb physical strength. During the second winter of that disastrous expedition, beginning in October 1820, Back made a journey on snowshoes from Fort Enterprise, the party's winter base, to Fort Providence on Great Slave Lake. Arriving to find none of the supplies the expedition needed, Back continued south to Fort Chipewyan, getting there on January 2, 1821. It took him five weeks to secure the necessary provisions before he snowshoed back to Fort Enterprise. All told, it was a 1,750-kilometre trip, and remains one of the most remarkable Arctic journeys in history.

Later that same year, as the starving men stumbled through the snow on their way back to Fort Enterprise, Back travelled ahead hoping to find the Yellowknife Indians. He did, and saved the lives of Franklin and seven others while eleven members of the expedition perished, includingMidshipman Robert Hood. For his efforts, Back was promoted to lieutenant.

In 1826, Back accompanied Franklin on his second overland expedition down the Mackenzie River to the Arctic Ocean, where the party split up. One party, led by John Richardson, another veteran of the 1821 expedition, travelled east to the mouth of the Coppermine. The other party, with Franklin and Back, travelled west as far as Return Reef near present-day Prudhoe Bay, Alaska. Compared to Franklin's first journey, this one went off without



Far left: *Rocky Defile Rapid and distant view of the Copper Mountains, July 9, 1821.*

Left: *Rocky Defile Rapid, July 11, 2001.*

"We came to the Rocky Defile Rapid, the most extraordinary one we had yet seen – the course of the river was winding – and appeared as if it were arrested by an immensely steep hill some distance before us but on a nearer approach we found that it actually ran through it – having rocky walls of feldspar 150 feet high on each side. The seemingly diminutiveness of the river – the foaming rapidity of the current – which was formed into large rolling waves – the overhanging craggy rock – the danger of the canoes in running it – the adjacent towering hill and the distant view of the Copper Mountains – formed a most imposing scene which may be equalled but seldom surpassed."

Above left: *Thunderstorm near Ogle Point, August 8, 1834.*

Above: *Thunderstorm in Chantrey Inlet, August 10, 1999.*

Ogle Point, a northwestern point of land jutting out in Chantrey Inlet, is as far as George Back was able to travel in the Arctic Ocean during his 1834 expedition. Ice impeded any further progress.

"A little after noon there was a storm, with thunder and lightning; the first I remember to have seen so far north."

a hitch, successfully connecting hundreds of kilometres of newly surveyed coastline to those mapped in 1821.

Franklin was lauded for his accomplishments while Back faded into obscurity on half pay. He was not awarded a new appointment until 1833, when he was given command of a mission to rescue Captain John Ross who, in 1829, had sailed north aboard the *Victory* to chart the Northwest Passage and had not been heard from since. When Richardson turned down an offer to lead a rescue mission, Back volunteered, and set out to find the Great Fish River and descend it to the ocean to search for Ross. However, in March 1834, as the expedition was preparing to leave its winter quarters at Fort Reliance, Back received a letter informing him of the safe return of Ross, and he was ordered to explore the river and travel east along the coast to Point Turnagain, the easternmost point reached by the 1821 expedition.

Near the confluence of the Contwoyto River, Back again met the Yellowknife Indians and their chief, Akaitcho, who warned him of the dangerous river ahead. According to Back, Akaitcho said:

> *I am afraid I shall never see you again but should you escape from the great water, take care you are not caught by the winter, and thrown into a situation like that in which you were on your return from the Coppermine, for you are alone, and the Indians cannot help you.*

Back successfully descended the 1,100-kilometre-long river to the Arctic Ocean, but ice halted further progress, and Back was forced to retreat back upstream to Fort Reliance. Despite its length and difficulty, Back's descent of the river that now bears his name was an accomplishment unmatched by his peers. His expedition narrative is a well-written, colourful account of a dangerous journey through what remains a vast and little-travelled route across the Barren Lands of northern Canada.

In 1836, less than a year after returning to England, Back commanded the *Terror* to Repulse Bay. From there he was to chart a route to find the remaining piece of the puzzle that was the Northwest Passage. The expedition was a disaster. Almost as soon as it arrived in Hudson Bay, the ship was beset in ice and drifted for ten months along the shores of Southampton Island, nearly crushed in the process. Miraculously, the ship was freed in the summer of 1837 and limped home across the Atlantic. Back's health was never the same, and he did not command another mission.

More than a decade later, in 1848, survivors of Franklin's final and most famous expedition, seeking relief after their ships *Erebus* and *Terror* were crushed in the ice off King William Island, tried to reach the Back River in the hope of ascending it to Fort Reliance and civilization.

Surpassing Franklin in rank, Back was made admiral in 1876 and served on the Arctic Council, which directed the search for Franklin's lost expedition. Back died in 1878.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-141484

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-097308

Paul vanPeenen is a photographer and writer interested in all things Arctic. When he's not traipsing across the tundra with a canoe, he spends his time in Maple Ridge, British Columbia. Information about his Arctic photography workshops is available at <arcticpaddler@telus.net>.

Upper left: *A part of Massacre Rapid.*

Above: *The middle of Bloody Fall, July 18, 2001.*

"During the day I took a view of the central rapid. On the right are steep and craggy rocks – partaking of a dark indigo and a lake colour with bright orange tints – then comes the island with the dogs, fish and tents with some little herbage on them – these are bisected by another mass of rocks on the left which also form a part of the foreground and are singular on account of their general deep lake hue – a nice gravelly beach interspersed with large fragments of broken rocks fills up the remainder of the foreground except one large mass – between which and that on the opposite side, the water bursts with impetuous rush foaming and curling itself into hollow waves until it is lost in the descent of the lower fall."

Far left: *Travelling on the Ice, Aylmer Lake, June 25, 1834.*

Left: *Crossing a Pressure Ridge on Aylmer Lake, June 24, 1999.*

Pressure ridges on large lakes like Aylmer (which Back named for Baron Aylmer, governor general of Canada, 1831–1835) are often created when wind moves sheets of ice against each other. When the ice pans collide, they buckle and crumble, forming ridges. They are tricky to cross because there is open water below; falling through a crack could be disastrous.

et cetera

Arctic Artist: The Journal and Paintings of George Back, Midshipman with Franklin, 1819–1822, edited by C. Stuart Houston. McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal, 1994.

Expedition: An Arctic Journey Through History on George Back's River by David F. Pelly. Betelgeuse Books, Toronto, 1981.

"The Recreated Voyages of George Back," photographs by Paul vanPeenen, will be exhibited May 1 – August 31, 2003 at the Prince of Wales Northern Heritage Centre in Yellowknife, NWT.

Quotations from *Arctic Artist: The Journal and Paintings of George Back, Midshipman with Franklin, 1819-1822*, and *Narrative of the Arctic Land Expedition to the Mouth of the Great Fish River in the Years 1833, 1834 and 1835.*

In Bondage

Black slavery arrived in Canada in 1628 aboard a privateer's ship. It would not be abolished for more than two centuries. *by Tom Derreck*

≠

Refuge! Refuge for the oppressed! Refuge for Americans escaping from abuse and cruel bondage in their native land! Refuge for my countrymen from the lash of the overseer, from the hounds and guns of southern man-hunters, from the clutches of northern marshals and commissioners! Rest! Rest for the hunted slave. Rest for the travel-soiled and footsore fugitive.

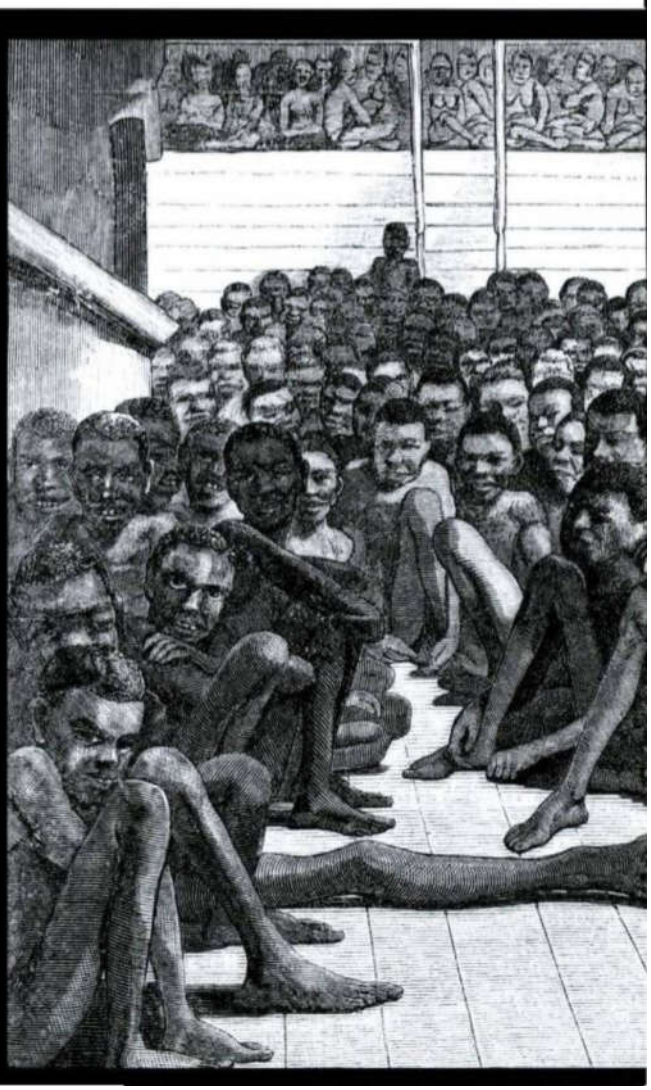
So begins the first chapter of *Narratives of Fugitive Slaves in Canada*, a book by American abolitionist Benjamin Drew, who travelled throughout Upper Canada in the 1850s interviewing scores of slaves who had escaped bondage in the United States by way of the Underground Railroad.

The mid-nineteenth century was a period of advancement for the tens of thousands of blacks who had found freedom in Canada since before 1800. Settlements blossomed; farms, schools, factories, and newspapers were established; books and magazines were published; and the first blacks were elected to public office in their local communities.

Having been reared on a national image as the hope-and-freedom destination of thousands of runaways and brutally hunted slave fugitives, Canadian heads turn immediately southward at mention of the word *slavery*. Looking over the border, Canadians have wondered and perhaps sorrowed over the three-hundred-year legacy of human bondage that has tainted the history of their great American neighbour. There to ponder is the blood-run epic of the American Civil War that came within a whisper of destroying the young nation; burnings, lynchings, and other depredations under the hooded fury of the Ku Klux Klan; segregation; the great, and sometimes horrifying spectacles of the civil rights movements of the 1950s and '60s; Martin Luther King; and the evil spectre of racism that still haunts and disturbs a great society.

Who would give credence to the notion that friendly, polite, freedom-loving, and multicultural Canada has its own two-hundred-year-old slave skeleton rattling about in its national closet? Having had no Harriet Beecher Stowe to tell the story of slavery in Canada, and few histories making any reference to the subject, most Canadians have no knowledge of – nor would most believe – that the institution ever existed north of the U.S.–Canadian border.

The reality is that the African slave trade was a part of Canadian history. But unlike the U.S. record of its slave history, recounted through countless motion pictures, film documentaries, books, and the hard-hitting television miniseries *Roots*, little has been written about slavery in Canada. However, local and church records show evidence that Canada did have its share of black men and women who lived



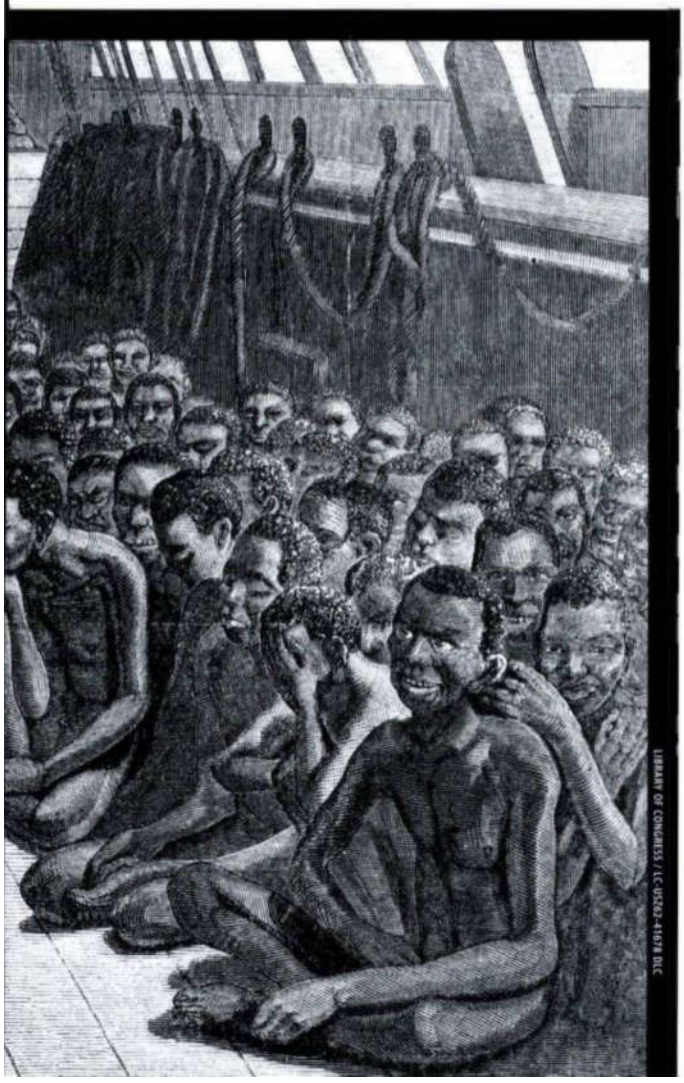
After attempts to enslave the aboriginal peoples of the Americas failed, Europeans, notably the English, exploited the populations of sub-Saharan Africa for cheap labour, engaging in a triangular trade: Ships would first leave Liverpool or Bristol with goods to exchange for slaves brought from the African hinterland to coastal centres; they would then convey the slaves to the New World, after which they would return to England with various staples of the American plantations. For the involuntary passengers, the trans-Atlantic voyage was tortuous. Separated by sex, they would be closely packed to save space and often chained in order to avoid rebellion or prevent them from jumping into the sea. Food was inadequate, water scarce, sanitation nonexistent. Mortality would reach appalling conditions– at least 20 percent of the Africans never survived the voyage.

and toiled in bondage in almost every part of the nation that was settled between the early decades of the seventeenth century until the 1830s.

When the country was undergoing new settlement, the living was severe. With few paid servants willing to work, and remain, under such conditions, it's not hard to understand how valuable a group of "servants for life" would be to their masters and mistresses, most of whom were unused to the rigours of manual labour.

The practice of humans owning humans has been around since the dawn of civilization and has always been more a matter of economics and wealth creation than one race claiming superiority – and therefore the right to subjugate and enslave – another.

The ancient Sumerians were among the first to come to the very practical conclusion that the forced labour of war captives was far more profitable and satisfying over the long term than the intangible and fleeting prestige that attended their slaughter. Enslaved captives were put to work on building projects, in the fields, and in various other areas of community, cultural, and government life. Before long, slave ownership became a measure of personal wealth, and so it grew and endured among the great civilizations of antiquity, eventually becoming the foundation upon which the economy of the Roman Empire rose, flourished, and eventually fell.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS / LC-USZ62-41678 DLC

Although black slaves were known in Europe and the Middle East as far back as ancient times, they represented a small portion of the slave population. Modern black slavery didn't begin until 1442, when the Portugese explorer Antam Gonsalves voyaged down the west coast of Africa and agreed to an unusual exchange. He carried with him a number of Moorish captives who offered to provide ten black slaves as ransom for their freedom. Knowing that the Moors were irrevocably committed to Islam, Gonsalves reckoned that the black men could be more easily converted to Christianity, and so he accepted the offer. The slaves were eventually sent to Spain, where they were employed as farm labourers and household servants. Thus began the small but steady flow of black slaves between Africa and the Iberian Peninsula.

In 1518, twenty-six years after Columbus's discoveries, the first shipment of African slaves to the New World would signal the beginning of a profitable, trans-Atlantic commerce of human beings.

An earlier attempt to enslave native Amerindians had failed badly. Historian John Hope Franklin noted that "the simple economic background of the Indians, which did not prepare them for the disciplined regime of the plantation system, all but eliminated them as workers in the economic system which the Europeans established." Unsuited and unwilling to accept slavery as a way of life, the indigenous populations of Mexico, the Caribbean, Central America, and colonized South America were almost wiped out by overwork, malnutrition, slaughter, and white men's diseases against which they had no immunity. On the island of Hispaniola alone, the native population fell from an estimated 1.5 million at the time of Columbus's arrival to twelve thousand thirty years later. African slaves were perceived as superior by the Spanish, and in 1511, the court of Spain decreed that, "a large number of negros should be deported to the colonies because one negro does more work than four Indians."

The other European colonial nations followed suit, and by the beginning of the seventeenth century, the transport of African slaves to the western hemisphere grew from a trickle to a deluge. In Brazil alone, it's estimated that over the course of its three-hundred-year slave history, between 5 million and 18 million blacks were imported and sold.

In the Canadas, native people – known as "Pani" – were the first slaves. Tribal conflicts resulted in the victor enslaving the vanquished. The docile Pawnee, of the upper Missouri River district, were particularly susceptible to the practice, and the name Pani is derived from them. Panis were enslaved until 1763, the end of the French regime.

In 1628, a young boy – plucked from his African island home of Madagascar – arrived aboard a

British ship to became Canada's first known black slave. Subsequently given the name Olivier Le Jeune, he was the property of David Kirke, a noted English privateer who sailed under the marque of King Charles I and raided the colonies of New France.

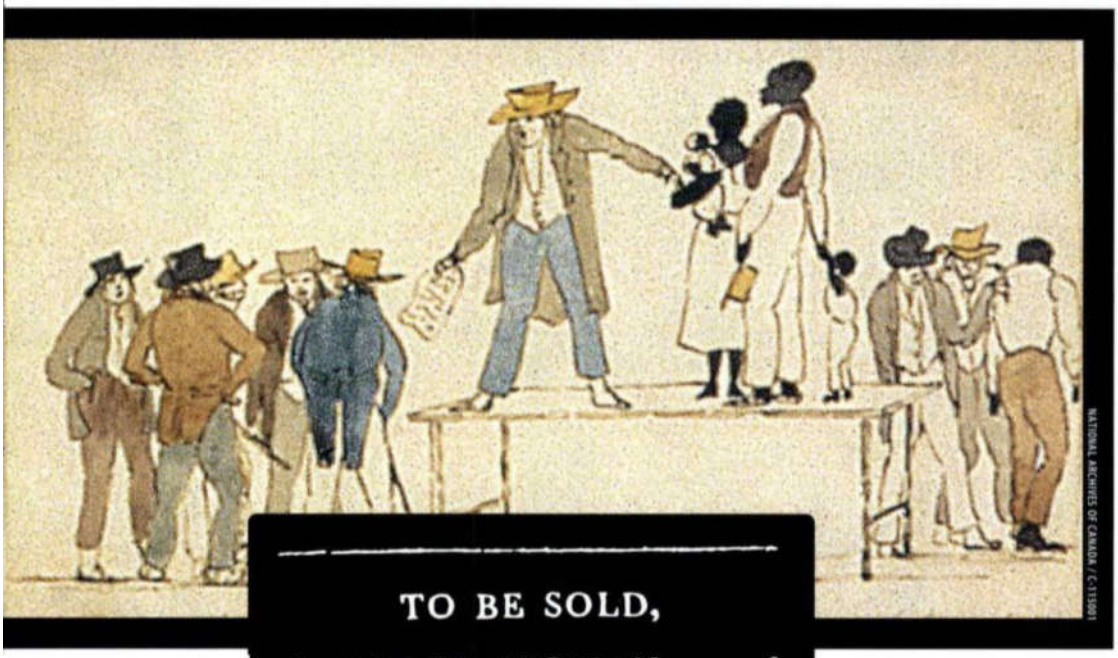
Kirke – a wily and gifted sea warrior – managed to overhaul and capture the very first convoy of French settlers sent out to Canada. He then went on to take the city of Quebec from no less a hero than Samuel de Champlain. Young Olivier was present at both events. When, by the terms of the Treaty of Saint-Germain-En-Laye Quebec was handed back to France in 1632, Olivier was sold to a minor French Canadian bureaucrat, and so became Canada's first enslaved resident.

By 1688, New France's population was 11,562 people, made up primarily of fur traders, missionaries, and farmers settled along the St. Lawrence Valley. Though sizable, the colony had a severe shortage of servants and labourers. A petition was put before King Louis XIV requesting permission to import black slaves from West Africa.

While slavery was prohibited in France, it was permitted in its colonies as a means of providing the massive labour force needed to clear land, construct buildings and other appurtenances, and work the lucrative Caribbean plantations that fed France's economy. As with the other European colonial powers, such as Great Britain, Spain, Holland, and Denmark, France promulgated a strict set of laws, known as the Black Code (*code noir*), specifically directed at the control and management of slaves. Although subsequent decrees modified a few of the Code's provisions, the first document in 1685 set the pattern for policing slavery in the French colonies right up to 1789. The Code insisted that all slaves be instructed as Catholics and not as Protestants. For the most part, it concentrated on defining the condition of slavery, establishing harsh controls over the conduct of those enslaved. Slaves had virtually no rights, though the Code did enjoin masters to take care of the sick and old. Armed with the royal assent, French-Canadian colonists set about enthusiastically acquiring African (and native) slaves and employing them as household servants, field hands, and labourers.

Below: *The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave (Slave Market)* In drawings and watercolours, Henry Byam Martin, a British officer who toured North America from September 1832 to June 1833, recorded scenes of Canadian and American manners and customs, including the auctioning of slaves.

Peter Russell, receiver-general for Upper Canada, continued to own and sell slaves (bottom) though he supported laws to ban their importation.



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-115001

TO BE SOLD,

A BLACK WOMAN, named PEGGY, aged about forty years; and a Black boy her ſon, named JUPITER, aged about fifteen years, both of them the property of the Subſcriber.

The Woman is a tolerable Cook and waſher woman and perfectly underſtands making Soap and Candles.

The Boy is tall and ſtrong of his age, and has been employed in Country buſineſs, but brought up principally as a Houſe Servant—They are each of them Servants for life. The Price for the Woman is one hundred and fifty Dollars—for the Boy two hundred Dollars, payable in three years with Intereſt from the day of Sale and to be properly ſecured by Bond &c.—But one fourth leſs will be taken in ready Money.

PETER RUSSELL.

York, Feb. 10th 1806.

Perhaps setting the pattern for the present-day notion that Canadians are characteristically proper and polite, Canadian slave owners generally preferred the term *servant* to *slave*. Because slaves were fewer per household, and because they were usually more necessary to the slave owner's comfort, slaves in Canada generally received more humane treatment than those held elsewhere in the Americas. The system of gang labour, and its consequent institutions of control and brutality, did not develop. There are, however, recorded instances of individual slaves receiving harsh punishment for disobeying their masters or committing a crime.

Marie-Joseph Angélique, the slave property of a wealthy Montreal merchant named Francois Poulin,

carried out one of the most dramatic acts of resistance on April 17, 1734, and suffered a brutal death as a consequence. After learning that she was going to be sold and separated from her lover, Marie-Joseph set fire to her owner's house to cover her attempt at escape. The fire raged out of control, engulfing and destroying forty-six buildings. Captured two months later, Marie-Joseph was paraded through the city streets in a scavenger's cart with signs bearing the word INCENDIARY fastened to her back and chest, then tortured until she confessed her crime. After having a hand cut off, she was publicly hanged and her body burned.

When New France fell to the British in 1760, slavery made an easy transition to the sovereignty of King George III. Within the articles of capitulation signed in Montreal, British General Jeffrey Amherst assured the defeated French governor, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, that:

"Negroes and Panis of the two sexes will remain in their capacity as slaves, in the possession of the French or Canadians to whom they belong; they shall be at liberty to keep them at their service in the colony or to sell them."

Slavery being long practised and widespread in His Britannic Majesty's thirteen American colonies, ownership of a black man or two was regarded as fashionable among British officers who arrived to organize and administer the newly acquired Canadian territories. Lieutenant Colonel Christie of the Sixtieth (Royal American) Regiment owned a thirty-five-year-old Negro servant named Bruce whom he described as "well made, with a high nose and very black complection."

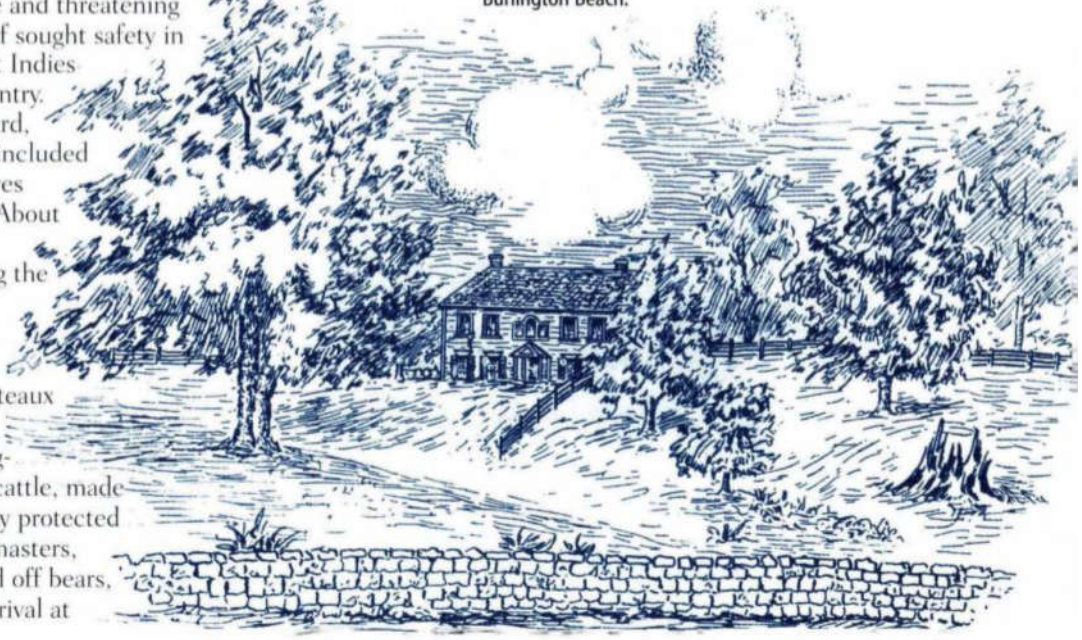
But it wasn't until the years immediately following the end of the American Revolution that slavery in Canada reached its height. When the Revolutionary War ended in American victory in 1783, an estimated 100,000 Americans loyal to the British found themselves stranded in hostile and threatening circumstances. More than half sought safety in the islands of the British West Indies or returned to the mother country. The others journeyed northward, seeking new lives. The influx included approximately 2,000 black slaves who came with their owners. About 1,200 went to the Maritimes, 300 to the settlements hugging the St. Lawrence River in Lower Canada, and 500 to Upper Canada.

Slaves rowed the heavy bateaux packed with their owners' families and household belongings. They drove wagons and cattle, made camps, and cleared trails. They protected and guarded their exhausted masters, tended night fires, and warded off bears, wolves, and wildcats. Upon arrival at their destinations, the Loyalists put their slaves to work clearing the land, building homes, and creating the foundations of new villages and towns.

Canadian native peoples – allies to Britain during the Revolution – also owned or traded in slaves. Shawnee, Potawatomi, and other western tribes imported slaves from Ohio and Kentucky and sold them to Canadian settlers. Thayendenaga – more familiar to us as the great chief, Joseph Brant – employed black slaves whom he'd captured during the war to build Brant House at Burlington Beach and a second home at Oshweken, near Brantford. In all, Brant owned about forty black slaves.

A liaison officer to Indian allies during the American Revolution, British Colonel Matthew Elliott brought along sixty black slaves, captured as loot while raiding in Kentucky, to work the eight hundred hectares granted to him in Amherstburg at the war's end. Installing a lash ring on a "bloody whipping tree," the colonel was a harsh master. A few years after settling his lands in 1784, Elliott's farm was noted for its productivity and good buildings, and was looked upon as a model of prosperous living.

Slaves could soon be found in communities throughout British North America. In an old orchard between Collins Bay and Bath, Ontario, lie the remains of slaves belonging to the Loyalist Fairfield and Pruyn families. Around Kingston, such families as the Cartwrights, Herkimers, and Everetts held slaves. Residents of York (now Toronto), from the highest officials to private individuals who could afford them, purchased and owned slaves, including Peter Russell, the receiver-general for the province. Many of the veterans of the notorious infantry corps, Butler's Rangers, settled in Niagara, bringing slaves with them. In 1791, it was estimated that approxi-



Among the prominent Canadians who owned slaves was Mohawk chief Joseph Brant, who used them to help him build his house at Burlington Beach.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-110101

mately three hundred slaves were the property of families living in the Niagara peninsula. Other Loyalist slave owners settled in the district around the Bay of Quinte, on Lake Ontario. By 1785, Shelburne, Nova Scotia was widely known as a centre of slave labour; other slaves settled with Loyalist masters in Prince Edward Island and along the St. John River in New Brunswick.

Records of the Church of England, as well as those of the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and even Quakers reveal that their members did not consider it inconsistent with their religious principles to own slaves.

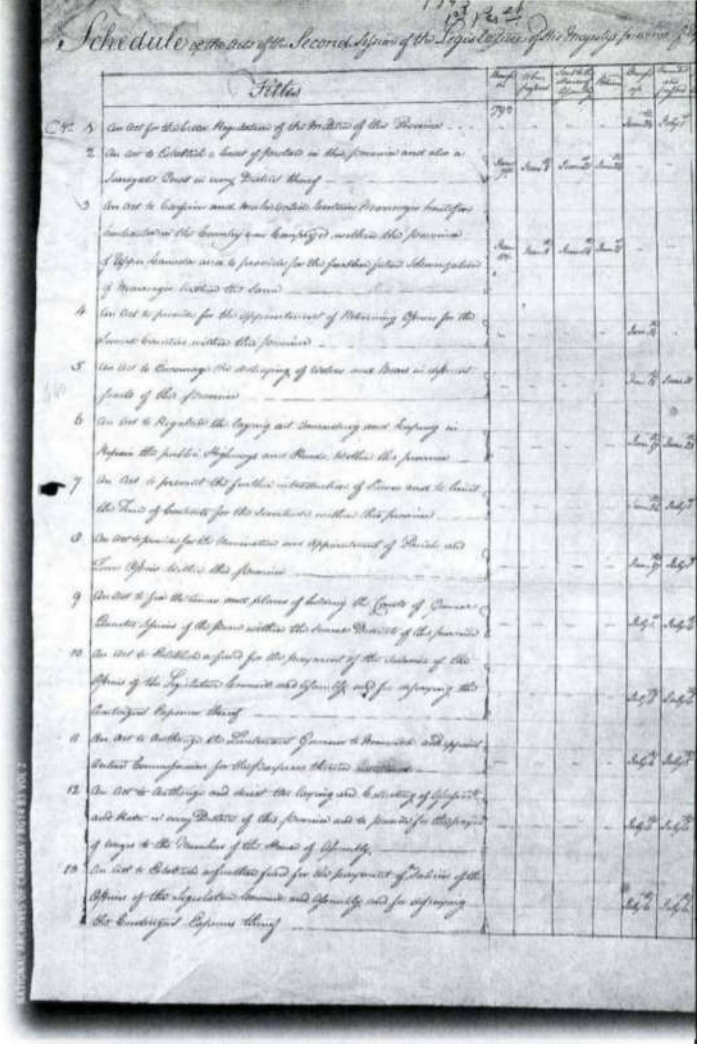
As time passed it was not unusual to see ads for slaves appear in newspapers. An advertisement published in the October 11, 1797 issue of the *Niagara Gazette* read: "Wanted to purchase, a negro girl, from seven to twelve years of age, of good disposition. For fuller particulars apply to the subscribers, W. and J. Crook, West Niagara."

The Nova Scotia *Gazette and Weekly Chronicle* of March 28, 1775, included an advertisement offering for sale "a likely, well-made negro boy, about sixteen years old." In January 1779, the same paper advertised the sale of "an able Negro wench, about twenty-one years of age, capable of performing both town and country work."

Unlike its counterparts in the deep South and the Caribbean, where plantation economies prevailed, slavery in Canada did not develop into an economic institution. Soon, the forceful and sustained campaign to abolish slavery that had evolved in Britain found its way to Canada.

When Sir John Graves Simcoe, Upper Canada's first lieutenant governor, arrived in 1791, he found that the colony's ruling class took slavery very much for granted. Nine members of the Legislative Council (the Upper House) were either slave owners or members of slave-owning families. Five of those esteemed gentlemen were also members of Simcoe's Executive Council (cabinet). Of the sixteen members of the elected Legislative Assembly (the Lower House) six owned slaves.

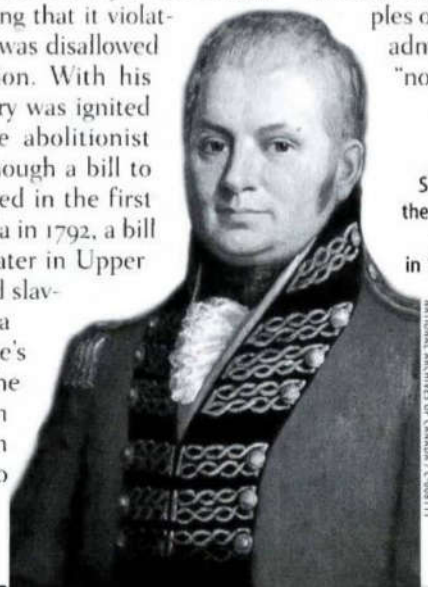
Simcoe had spoken against slavery in the British House of Commons, arguing that it violated Christian teaching and was disallowed by the British Constitution. With his arrival, opposition to slavery was ignited and grew apace with the abolitionist movement in Britain. Although a bill to abolish slavery was defeated in the first legislature in Lower Canada in 1792, a bill passed by Simcoe a year later in Upper Canada's legislature limited slavery in the province. As a compromise to Simcoe's slave-owning colleagues, the bill allowed slaves already in Upper Canada to remain slaves, but it permitted no new slaves in the province and charged that children born to female slaves be freed at age twenty-five.



Thirteen acts were passed during the second session of the Legislature of Upper Canada in 1793. Number seven prevented further introduction of slavery into the province and limited the time of servitude.

On March 25, 1807, the British Parliament passed the *Abolition of the Slave Trade Act*, outlawing the slave trade within the British Empire. In an impassioned speech supporting the Act, Lord Greenville cited the slave trade as being "contrary to the principles of justice, humanity and sound policy" and admonished his fellow parliamentarians for "not having abolished the trade long ago."

Aimed at ending the *trading* of slaves,



Sir John Graves Simcoe, who spoke against slavery in the British House of Commons, challenged the legality of the institution in Upper Canada when he arrived in 1791 as the colony's first lieutenant governor. Though many members of Upper Canada's ruling class owned slaves, Simcoe introduced a bill in 1793 that prohibited any future importation of slaves and ensured that slavery would no longer exist following the death of existing victims – a form of gradual emancipation. However, a year earlier, a bill introduced in Lower Canada to abolish slavery was defeated.

the act did not end the institution of slavery itself. Although it provided that any British captain caught transporting slaves would be subject to a fine of £100 for every slave found onboard his ship, the act's passing wasn't immediately effective in accomplishing even that limited purpose. If a slave ship was in danger of being overhauled and captured by the British navy, the captain would simply order the slave cargo to be thrown into the sea in order to avoid or reduce the fine.

In 1827, Britain moved closer to abolition by declaring slave trading to be an act of piracy, punishable by death. The *Slavery Abolition Act* was finally passed by the British Parliament on August 24, 1833 and became law August 1, 1834, whereupon an estimated 800,000 blacks held in bondage in the British colonies became emancipated; slavery was abolished throughout the British possessions abroad. This date is remembered as Emancipation Day and celebrated as a public holiday in most of the ex-British colonies, although not in Canada.

The sum of $100 million was appropriated by the British Parliament to compensate dispossessed slave owners. The amount paid depended on the number of slaves held. No claims for compensation were ever submitted and not a single dollar of compensation was paid in Canada.

Yet there were practical, as well as idealistic, reasons for slavery's demise. The short Canadian growing season ruled out crops such as sugar and cotton, which depended on a cheap and plentiful source of labour. It being expensive to feed, clothe, and house slaves during extended periods of wintertime nonproductivity, the vast economic attractions that sustained slavery elsewhere in the Americas for another thirty to sixty-five years after its abolition in the British Empire, weren't present in Canada.

It's interesting to look back and wonder: if Canada's climate had been conducive – and thus, opportunities for fortune-building had been available – would black slavery have been more widespread among our forebears? Would the advocates of slavery have been able to stave off its abolition for at least as long as the southern states did? Would a slave-holding Canada have been more directly affected by, or even drawn into the American Civil War – perhaps on the side of the Confederacy?

There were never more than a few thousand slaves held in Canada – a negligible number when compared with the estimated tens of millions who died labouring in the mines and great plantations of the Caribbean, Central and South America, and the United States between the early 1500s and the 1880s. Nonetheless, slavery was here, a part of our history and development as a nation.

Tom Derreck is a writer and public speaker from St. Catharines, Ontario.

et cetera

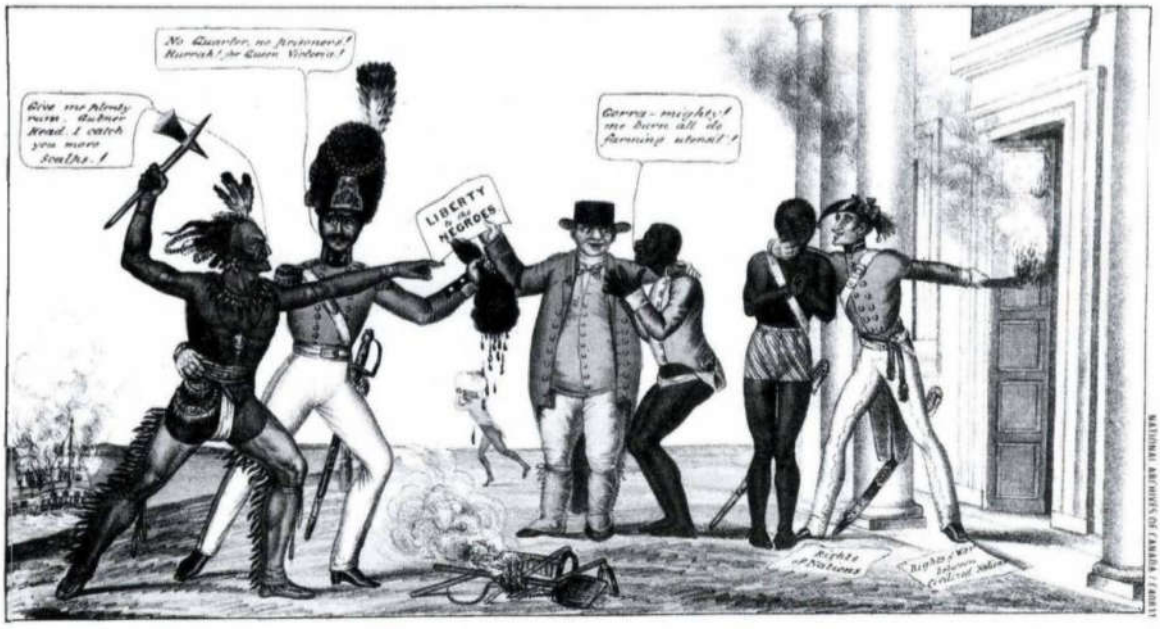
The Freedom Seekers: Blacks In Early Canada, by Daniel G. Hill. Stoddart Publishing, Toronto, 1992.

Black Canadians: A Long Line of Fighters, by Tulloch Headley. NC Press, Toronto, 1975.

Slave Days In Canada, by Mrs. W.T. Hallam, The Canadian Churchman Press, 1919.

The text of Louis XIV's *code noir* can be found at <http://chnm.gmu.edu/revolution/d/335/>.

This cartoon, published in New York c. 1843, satirized Britain's abolitionist policies, among other things.


No Quarter, no prisoners! Hurrah! for Queen Victoria!
Give me bloody nose, darkee head, I catch you more scalps!
LIBERTY to the NEGROES
Gorry-mighty! me born all de farming utensil!
Rights of Whites
Rights of Negroes

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-000511

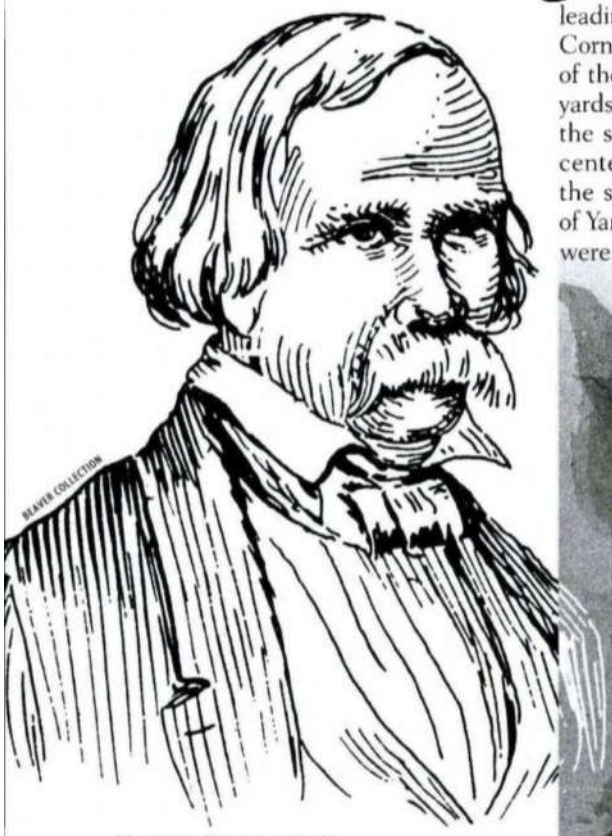
In the midst of the Fraser River gold rush, some Americans plotted to deliver British Columbia into the hands of their countrymen. They were very nearly successful.

Ned McGowan's War

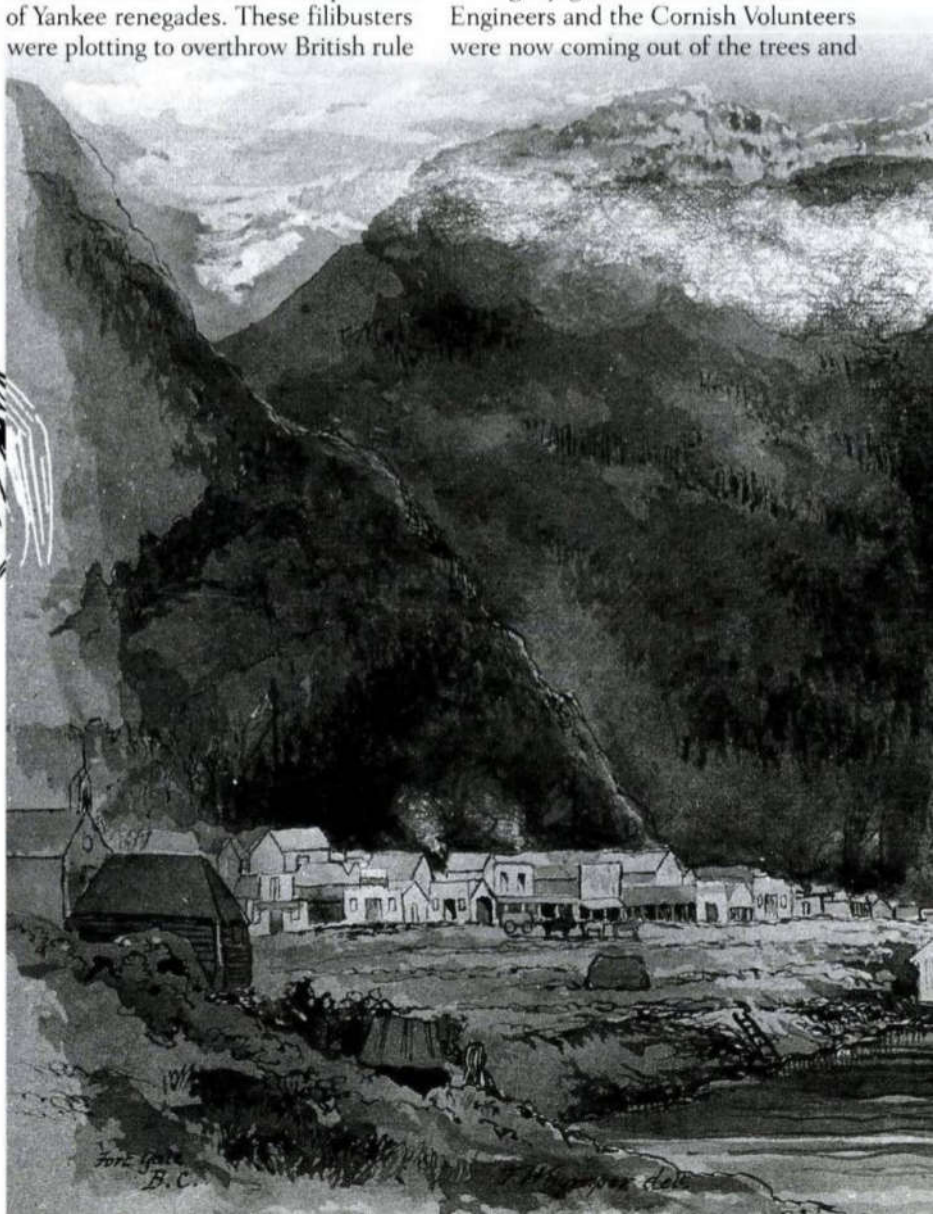
by Donald J. Hauka

John Drummond Buchanan Ogilvy, Hudson's Bay Company factor for Fort Hope, walked quietly into the frigid night of January 17, 1859, his snowshoes softly crunching on the hard, crisp snow. Ogilvy was leading a force of Royal Engineers and Cornish Volunteers along the west side of the Fraser River to Fort Yale. A few yards to his right on the east bank was the settlement of Hill's Bar. The epicenter of the Fraser River gold rush, the settlement was the headquarters of Yankee renegades. These filibusters were plotting to overthrow British rule by drawing American army forces stationed just south of the still-disputed border into the newly founded colony of British Columbia. Ogilvy moved warily, for the Americans weren't amateurs. They were led by Major Tom Dolan (a veteran of the Mexican-American War and soldier of fortune) and the outlaw, Edward "Ned" McGowan, who had eluded the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco before fleeing to the Fraser River gold mines.

Ogilvy glanced behind him. The Engineers and the Cornish Volunteers were now coming out of the trees and



Edward "Ned" McGowan had a fondness for troublemaking that led him as superintendent of police in Philadelphia, the city of his birth, to rob a bank, and as judge in San Francisco to be charged as an accessory to murder. Often on the run, he ended up in British Columbia during the 1858 gold rush and quickly became a leader among the miners. His time in B.C. was brief but eventful as he became embroiled in a petty dispute that escalated into threatened violence. McGowan left B.C. soon after the "war" that bears his name. He died in San Francisco in 1893.



into the open by the river. They were but a stone's throw from the campfires of the American sentries, ranged in a semicircle by the riverbank. This was the crucial moment. With no cover, the Engineers' dark greatcoats stood out against the white snow, easy targets for American sharpshooters. Yet they had to get past this spot to reach their commander, Colonel Richard Clement Moody, at Fort Yale.

Halfway across the clearing, a twig snapped underfoot. An American sentry shouted into darkness. They'd been spotted. Would the Yankees let them pass unmolested? Ogilvy walked on, quicker now, and with no heed to the noise he was making. Then, one of the American pickets fired across the river. Instantly, the entire American force began shooting wildly at the British troops. Ogilvy marched steadily on. Those were his orders. If just one Engineer stopped to return fire, a bloody melee would ensue and the Americans would have the international incident they'd been praying for.

This was the pivotal moment in Ned McGowan's War. Almost forgotten now, the "war" threatened to deliver B.C. into American hands on the eve of the U.S. Civil War. Dolan and his chief, Judge Edward McGowan, had the men and arms to do it, badly outnumbering and out-gunning the small detachment of British troops. It was only the efforts of HBC men like Ogilvy, three English gentlemen – a colonel, a lieutenant, and a judge – and McGowan himself that prevented a war between Britain and America.

The Americans who flooded into what had been hitherto the private trading preserve of the Hudson's Bay Company were the unwelcome guests of James Douglas. Chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company and governor of the Crown colony of Vancouver Island, Douglas had advertised the discovery of a large gold deposit around the confluence of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers, an area called the Forks, in 1858. He hoped to lure a few thousand miners into the territory and some badly needed revenue into the colony's coffers.

What Douglas got was a tidal wave of over 30,000 people, swarming up and down the Fraser River from its mouth to the Forks and beyond. Douglas's quiet village of Victoria was transformed into a frontier boomtown. On the mainland, instant settlements sprang up around the largest gold discoveries, most notably at Hill's Bar, just below Fort Yale at the entrance to the Fraser Canyon.

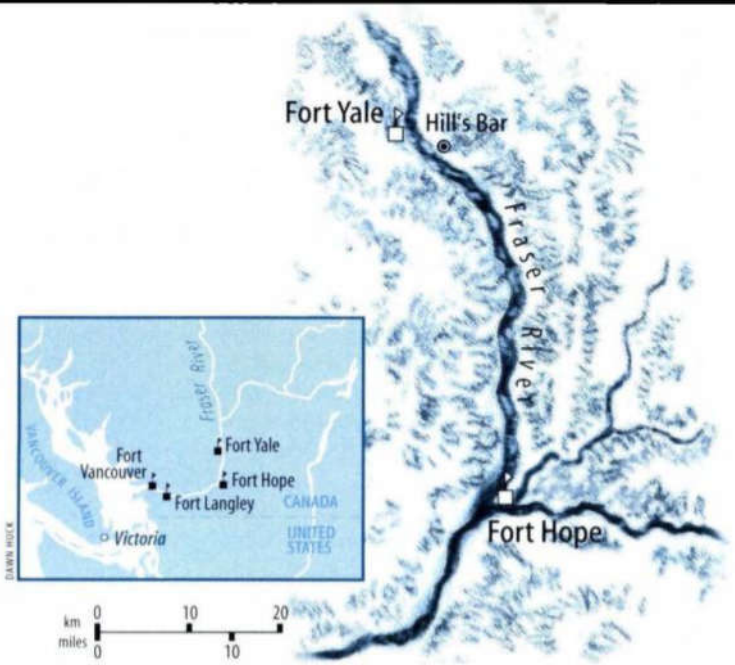
Douglas had already lost part of his fur-trading empire to a swarm of American settlers after the 1846 Oregon Treaty had expelled the HBC from the lower Columbia River. He was damned if he was going to see history repeat itself. Seizing the initiative, Douglas asserted British sovereignty over the mainland. He anchored a gunboat off the mouth of the Fraser River, forced the miners to take out licences, and set up a small civil service and judiciary to enforce the rule of law.

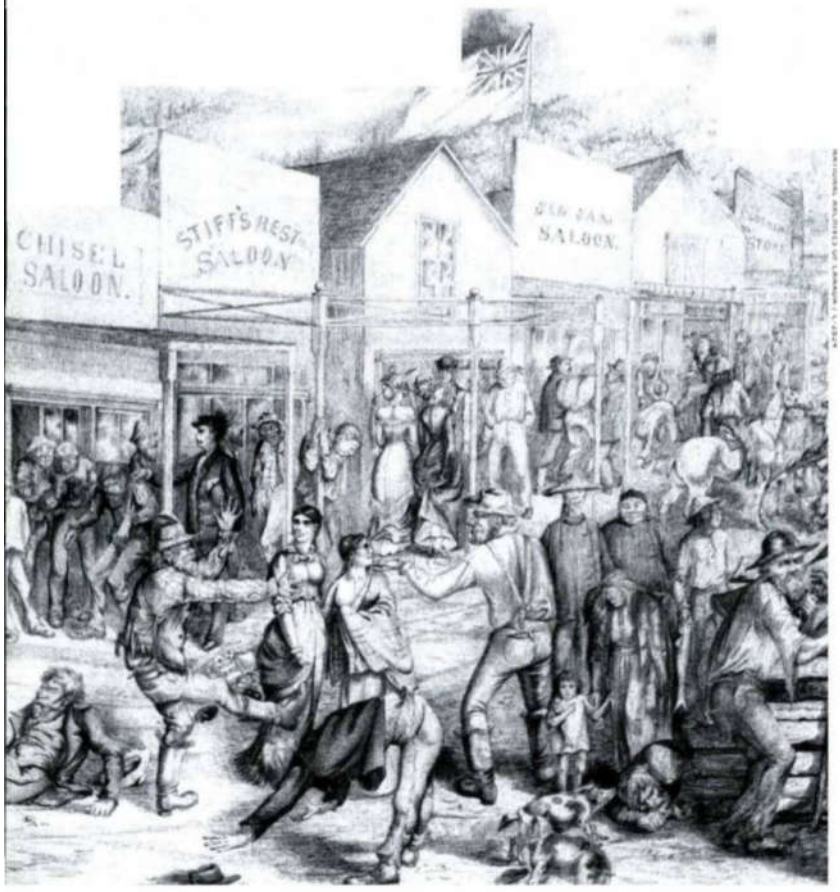
The government in London by and large approved of Douglas's actions and moved swiftly to establish the Crown colony of British Columbia. Colonial Secretary Edward Bulwer Lytton sent Douglas reinforcements and administrators to help him govern the unruly populace. But it would take months before they arrived, and in the meantime, British Columbia was vulnerable to any filibuster who had a mind to cause trouble. Just how vulnerable was shown in August 1858, when a war broke out in the Fraser Canyon between the miners and the First Nations. The American miners proved they could quickly form large, well-armed regiments. Having only a militia of thirty-five men, plus whatever small force of Royal Navy marines and sailors he could press into service from visiting naval vessels, Douglas had been helpless to intervene.

Fortunately for Douglas, the largest portion of the miners, those from California, were split along polit-

Yale began in 1848 as a Hudson's Bay Company trading post. Ten years later, during the gold rush, it was the final destination for steamboats capable of advancing up the Fraser River. It enjoyed a boom in the 1880s during construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, but then fell into decline. Today Yale is a forest-industry and service centre with fewer than two hundred people.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-1571





ical lines. At Fort Yale, a crucial supply center for the Fraser, supporters of the merchant-backed Vigilance Committee of San Francisco were in the majority. The Vigilantes had twice usurped the elected government of San Francisco because of "corruption." The latest and most sweeping coup had occurred in 1856, when the Vigilantes had thrown out a Democrat-dominated city government and lynched a half-dozen "criminals," while sending dozens more into exile.

The chief of the Vigilante community at Fort Yale was Dr. Max Fifer, chairman of Yale's town council. Slender, dapper, Fifer was charitable, treating many miners who had no money to pay him.

Just six kilometres south of Yale and on the east bank of the river was Hill's Bar, where supporters of the Law and Order Party had congregated. Democrats and their supporters who had organized to oppose the Vigilance Committee of 1856, the Law and Order Party's undisputed chieftain was Judge Edward "Ned" McGowan, one of the most colourful figures in B.C. and Californian history.

Born in Philadelphia in 1813 to an Irish-Catholic family, McGowan was a gentleman in that curious Anglo-American manner where duty and honour counted for everything, but duels were conducted with a Bowie knife as well as a pistol. Good-natured and mustachioed, he had a mercurial temper that got him into trouble at critical moments.

McGowan was a '49er, arriving in San Francisco that year. He joined the new state's Democratic Party, and received, among other patronage plums, his judicial appointments. By 1856, he was a prosperous lawyer, poet, and lover of good drink. But in that year, McGowan was implicated in the death of newspaper editor James King of William, the shooting that gave the Vigilance Committee its chance to seize power because of the "lawlessness" on San Francisco's streets. After escaping the city disguised as a Mexican labourer and surviving on the run for a year, he was eventually acquitted of the murder charge levelled against him.

Despite his victory, McGowan was financially ruined. Determined to make a fresh start and a new fortune on the Fraser River gold fields, McGowan arrived in Victoria on July 4, 1858. He set off for the mines accompanied by Major Tom Dolan, a filibuster who had served with William Walker in Nicaragua. At Hill's Bar, McGowan found many old friends and companions from San Francisco, all of them stout Democrats, many of them exiled from California by the Vigilance Committee. McGowan soon became their chieftain, and represented them whenever there was a disagreement with the British administration.

Relations between McGowan's faction at Hill's Bar and Fifer's Vigilante supporters in Fort Yale were strained at best. But it wasn't fighting between these two factions that would lead to McGowan's War. The spark would be provided by two of Douglas's colonial officials.

Douglas had appointed Richard Hicks, "a respectable English Englishman," assistant commissioner for Crown lands and revenue officer for the Fort Yale district. A Shropshire man, Hicks was absolutely corrupt, granting water rights, building permits, mining claims, and even a monopoly on the wholesale liquor business in Fort Yale for a piece of the action. Hicks got on well enough with Fifer, but McGowan and others petitioned Douglas to have

Hicks removed. The governor was reluctant to remove one of his officials without conclusive evidence of wrongdoing, so Douglas decided someone would have to keep a close eye on Hicks. He thought he had just the right man for the job in Peter Brunton Whannell.

Whannell had walked into Douglas's garden in August 1858 wearing a splendid cavalry uniform dripping with gold lace. During his interview, he passed himself off as a captain in an Australian regiment. Nothing could have been further from the truth. Whannell had been born in Madras, India, in 1816, the son of a colonial administrator. After failing to get a decent position in India or England, Whannell landed a job with the customs department in the port of Melbourne, Australia, in 1851. There he joined the Victorian Yeomanry Cavalry as a trooper. By 1856, Whannell had left his pregnant wife and children for an eighteen-year-old mistress. He fled the country with £200 that he'd convinced a young clerk to embezzle from his employer. After a brief stint as a barkeeper in Shaw's Flat, California, Whannell and his mistress landed in Victoria in 1858 and went straight to Douglas to beg for a government appointment. In November, Douglas made the tall, dashing-looking Whannell justice of the peace for Fort Yale.

It did not take Whannell long to become universally despised. In the morning, he would walk to work down Yale's Front Street dressed in his uniform, go into a saloon for two or three stiff drinks, then continue down the sidewalk. He'd draw his sword and slash the air, clearing a path before him, shouting: "I am the law and this sword is my voice!" Then Whannell would enter his log-cabin courtroom and dispense an unequal justice.

Whannell and Hicks loathed each other on sight. Whannell immediately went to work gathering evidence of Hicks's malfeasance. The feud between the two continued as winter closed in, shutting mining operations down. Everyone was in an ugly mood when, on Christmas Eve, Bernard Rice, a British subject, was shot in a Yale saloon after pointing a pistol at Billy Foster, an American barkeeper. Foster fled to Hill's Bar, where McGowan gave him refuge.

Whannell responded by closing down every saloon in Yale. Fifer made use of the murder by holding a public meeting to discuss setting up a vigilance committee like the one they had in San Francisco. Both moves were intolerable for McGowan and his faction, who were determined to start a fight when they attended the Christmas Day dance at Yale the next day. Two Hill's Bar men, Burns and Farrell, picked a fight with some black miners. One, Isaac Dixon, stood up to the bullies and was beaten and pistol-whipped.

Dixon complained to Whannell, who issued warrants for the arrest of Burns and Farrell. He also took Dixon into "protective custody." McGowan would not have two of his men tried by Whannell. He wanted his men to stand trial in front of Georges Perrier, an affable French Canadian justice of the peace. McGowan tried to cut a deal with Whannell. When that failed, McGowan had Perrier send his constable, Henry Hickson, to Yale on New Year's Eve with a subpoena for Dixon to appear as a witness. The enraged Whannell imprisoned Hickson for contempt of court.

McGowan swiftly devised a plan to get even. He suggested to Perrier that Whannell, having arrested his constable, was guilty of contempt of court and should be brought to Hill's Bar for trial. Perrier protested he had no constable to carry out the arrest. McGowan had Perrier exactly where he wanted him.

"I suggested to him [Perrier] that he had a right to deputize an officer, and that I would serve him in that capacity," McGowan recorded in his *Reminiscences* years later. "He fell into the trap. I knew he had no power to arrest for contempt of court outside his own courtroom."

McGowan and a posse of nine were duly sworn in. "They were," as McGowan observed, "armed to the teeth as well as with the majesty of the law." McGowan's cohort, Major Dolan, carried out the operation with military precision. He lined the west bank of the river with well-armed men to command the approach to the river. Once at Yale, Dolan sent out skirmishers to guard the route to and from the courthouse. Packing legal papers and pistols, McGowan's party made their way to Whannell's courthouse unchallenged. They found Whannell standing by the stove and, without further ceremony, arrested him for contempt.

With Whannell in custody, McGowan and his "special aides" made for the cells. There, the jailer surrendered his keys. McGowan threw open the jail cell and liberated Hickson, Isaac Dixon, and several other prisoners who were being held without charge at Whannell's orders.

McGowan and his posse paraded across the river to Hill's Bar. Whannell was quickly found guilty, for, as McGowan put it, "he made no defence, which was the only sane act I ever knew him to be guilty of." Fifer paid a $50 fine and Whannell was released. While the humiliated Whannell and his friend Fifer made their way back to Yale, McGowan, Perrier, and company took the fine and adjourned to Patrick Martin's saloon.

Back at Yale, Whannell wrote a letter to Captain James Marshall Grant, commander of the detachment of Royal Engineers at Fort Langley, requesting immediate military aid. He also penned a hysterical note to Douglas about "that notorious villain, Edward McGowan," that described an imminent insurrection.

"This town and district are in a state bordering on anarchy," wrote Whannell. "My own and the lives of the citizens are in imminent peril. I beg your Excellency will afford us prompt aid. ... An effective blow must at once be struck on the operations of these outlaws, else I tremble for the welfare of the colony."

Douglas acted at once. He finally had the troops he needed, as well as two very able officials to lead

ALL PHOTOS FROM BEAVER COLLECTION

Sir James Douglas, the "Father of British Columbia," was born in British Guiana in 1803, the illegitimate son of a black woman and a Scottish plantation owner. Educated in Scotland and apprenticed at age sixteen to the North West Company, he rose through the ranks of the Hudson's Bay Company after its merger with the NWC. By 1839 he was chief factor at Fort Vancouver. In 1851, he became governor of the colony of Vancouver Island, and in 1858 when the separate colony of British Columbia was created, he became its governor as well. When Americans began to pour in seeking gold, he took decisive steps to ensure the colony remained in British hands. He retired in 1864 with a knighthood and subsequently died in Victoria in 1877.

Richard Charles Mayne was twenty-three at the time of Ned McGowan's war. When trouble broke in the gold fields along the Fraser River, he was ordered by Captain Richard Clement Moody, commander of the corps of Royal Engineers, to bring reinforcements from Fort Langley and Fort Hope in readiness for serious confrontation at Yale. When Mayne arrived at Yale, after two days battling an icy, treacherous river, he found that the conflict had been resolved. Mayne went on to do extensive surveying of the coast and interior of British Columbia and wrote of his experiences in *Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver Island*. He died in 1892.

Born in 1813, **Richard Clement Moody** joined the Royal Engineers in 1830, serving in Ireland, the West Indies, and the Falkland Islands before being appointed chief commissioner of lands and works and lieutenant governor of the new colony of British Columbia in 1858. He had barely arrived in Victoria when he was dispatched to the Fraser River gold fields to keep the peace.

Six weeks after his arrival in British Columbia in November 1858, judge **Matthew Baillie Begbie** was sent with Moody to quell the outbreak at Yale. He remained in British Columbia the rest of his life, presiding over courts in New Westminster, Victoria, and the Interior. When British Columbia joined Confederation in 1871, he was made chief justice of the province, a position he held until his death in 1894. He was knighted in 1875 for his contributions to British Columbia's judicial system.

them. One was Matthew Baillie Begbie, B.C.'s recently arrived chief justice. Educated at Cambridge, Begbie was six foot, four inches in height, straight as a flagpole, and a dandy of sorts.* The other was Colonel Richard Moody, B.C.'s new lieutenant governor. Moody had served in Ireland and the West Indies, rising steadily up the ranks. He'd been Britain's first governor of the Falkland Islands by age thirty and had been handpicked to lead the Royal Engineer detachment to B.C. Arriving in Victoria on Christmas Day, Moody barely had time to be sworn in by Douglas before setting out to quell the Yankee rebellion.

Moody and Begbie started for the Fraser River on January 5, 1859, aboard the steam-sloop HMS *Beaver*, accompanied by a few Royal Engineers. They reached Fort Langley the next day, where they picked up both reinforcements and more alarming letters from Whannell. Begbie reported to Douglas "the loose rumor flying about Langley (but which was not credited) was that both Whannell and his constable had been shot by McGowan: and that the district was in open insurrection."

The force Moody had at his disposal was pitifully small: just twenty-five Royal Engineers and one chief justice. Moody immediately sent a request for reinforcements to Douglas in Victoria, then pushed on up the river in a hastily hired steamboat, the *Enterprise*, which steamed out on the frigid waters of the Fraser at about 11:00 P.M. on January 6, 1859.

Douglas received Moody's request for reinforce-

*He'd often walk to official functions in Victoria dressed like an Elizabethan courtier, complete with velvet breeches, flowing cape, and big-buckled boots, leading a pack of spaniels.

ments the next day, and dispatched fifty marines and bluejackets aboard the *Plumper*. Among them was a young naval officer, Lieutenant Richard Charles Mayne, twenty-three, the son of Sir Richard Mayne, the chief commissioner of the Metropolitan Police of London. In the meantime, the *Enterprise* was stuck – frozen into a small stream near Umatilla Snag, a low point in the river well below Fort Hope. In their hour of need, Begbie and Moody were rescued by Ogilvy, HBC factor for Fort Hope. "Tough and hardy by practice as a piece of whipcord or Mountain Ash," Ogilvy had once climbed a peak in the Coquihalla range on a wager of five dollars and a champagne supper. Ogilvy offered to go ahead of the expedition to see if there was any trouble. Moody agreed, and Ogilvy set off at once.

For four days, the expedition frozen aboard the *Enterprise* waited anxiously for word. When Ogilvy returned on January 12, he had both good and bad news. Yale was quiet, but Whannell was still in office. "It was very probable an outbreak of a very serious nature might take place at any moment," wrote Moody. "In fact we had reason to believe that the turning of a straw might lead to his [Whannell's] being 'lynched.'"

The *Enterprise* had managed to struggle upriver to within six kilometres of Fort Hope before getting stuck again. So the morning of January 14, Moody and Begbie took a whaleboat to the HBC post, fighting a ferocious wind and blinding snow. There, they waited in Ogilvy's comfortable cabin for the troops to march through the snow on shore and join them.

It was here that Mayne found them, bearing news that the reinforcements were at Fort Langley, awaiting transport up the river. To get to Fort Hope, Mayne had endured an overnight canoe trip in freezing weather, survived the frail craft's sinking after it smashed into a rock, and suffered a chilling march to the post through a metre of snow wearing ice-covered clothes. Moody liked Mayne and appointed him his "confidential officer" on the spot.

Moody had also reconsidered his strategy. Given the difficult conditions on the Fraser, he decided to leave the Royal Engineers behind in Fort Hope. Begbie, Moody, and Mayne would go leisurely up the river by themselves, pretending to make a civil survey of the gold diggings. It was a bluff born of necessity.

It had been nine days since the expedition had left Victoria and over two weeks since Whannell's arrest. What had transpired in Fort Yale and Hill's Bar in all that time? On the very evening of the outrage, Dr. Fifer held another meeting aimed at forming a Vigilance Committee at Yale. Whannell took an active part in the proceedings and kept up a steady stream of letters to Moody on how he saw the situation.

"McGowan can at any time rally around him at least 100 desperadoes like himself, the greater part of them have been expatriated, and are one and all, the very *scum* of the Creation. They are all armed to the teeth, but I am very much mistaken if 25 British bayonets cannot route [*sic*] such a rabble," wrote Whannell on January 11.

McGowan spent much of his time trying to learn as much as he could of Moody and Begbie and their intentions. If Moody insisted on an armed conflict, McGowan had ambitious plans. He and Dolan held a council of war at Hill's Bar, planning British Columbia's annexation.

> *We had arranged a plan, in case of a collision with the troops, to take Fort Yale and then go down the river and capture Fort Hope, and retreat with our plunder across the country into Washington Territory – only twenty miles distant. This would, we supposed, bring on the fight and put an end to the long agony and the public clamor – that our boundary line must be 'fifty-four forty or fight.' This mode of procedure we held as a* dernier ressort, *in the event the military would adopt harsh measures towards us.*

McGowan and Dolan were hoping to cause an incident that would draw the four hundred American troops guarding the U.S. border under the command of General Winfield Scott north of the forty-ninth parallel to intervene on their fellow citizens' behalf. Dolan and other miners at Hill's Bar had fought alongside Scott during the Mexican-American War. Surely, if they called upon him, their former commander would come to their aid.

McGowan had the men and arms to seize B.C. But as he put it: "Fortunately, we fell into the hands of English gentlemen, and their presence and wise counsel saved many of us, no doubt, from a sad ending."

The English gentlemen, Begbie, Moody, and Mayne, left Fort Hope by boat on the morning of January 15, 1859, taking every opportunity to stop and chat with miners at the various camps along the way. They arrived at Fort Yale at three o'clock in the afternoon and were greeted on the riverbank by the entire population of Hill's Bar, as well as a good part Yale's citizenry. Among the crowd was McGowan, who had ignored advice from some urging him to flee the country. As the three Englishmen landed, the largely American gathering shouted and fired a six-shooter salute over their esteemed guests' heads. After a few words and brief inspection, Moody, Begbie, and Mayne finally reached the scene of the crime: Whannell's courthouse.

It took Moody and Begbie little time to discover Hicks's corruption and Whannell's incompetence. Trying to resolve the problems this pair had left was another matter. Fortunately, McGowan sent a note to Begbie promising to appear for trial at Yale that Wednesday. To give everything an appearance of order and stability, Moody held a church service the following morning, Sunday, January 16, 1859. Things started to go awry right after the final amen. Moody took Perrier aside and dismissed him from the government's service, pending a review. This raised the

The Pierre Berton Award

Canada's National History Society established an award in 1994 for distinguished achievement in popularizing Canadian history. Canadian writer and popular author, Pierre Berton, was the first recipient. Mr. Berton agreed to having his name associated with the award in subsequent years. Other recipients of the Award are:

James H. Gray, Calgary, 1995
Jacques Lacoursière, Quebec City, 1996
The CRB Foundation, Montreal, 1997
Bob Johnstone, Toronto, 1998
(no award 1999)
Peter C. Newman, British Columbia, 2000
CBC / Radio Canada, 2001
The Canadian Society for Civil Engineering, 2002

This is an honour to recognize distinguished achievement in popularizing Canadian history whether to an English- or French-speaking audience. Individuals or organizations may be nominated whose work has brought Canadian history to a national audience through such means as publications, film, radio, television, theatre, or volunteer service. Nominations of works directed to a provincial, regional, or local audience, despite their merit, will not be considered.

Nominations are now being accepted for the 2003 Pierre Berton Award. In addition to the name and address of the nominee, nominations must be accompanied by detailed information in support of the candidate. A biography or curriculum vitae, newspaper or magazine articles, or letters of support outlining the achievements of the nominee would be welcome. There is no nomination form.

Nominations for the 2003 Pierre Berton Award must be received by April 25, 2003 and should be sent to:

The Pierre Berton Award
Canada's National History Society
478–167 Lombard Avenue
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3B 0T6

CANADA'S HISTORY SOCIETY

For further information, please contact the Society at the above address, or

Phone (204) 988-9300 Fax (204) 988-9309
E-mail: cnhs@historysociety.ca

hackles of the Law and Order faction and made the Vigilance Committee supporters overconfident that things were going their way.

The situation might have been resolved peacefully had McGowan and Fifer not had the bad fortune of meeting face to face just after the service. Words were exchanged. McGowan's temper got the better of him and an uneven fight ensued. As McGowan admitted later, "Dr. Fifer was rather roughly handled."

The assault took place within ninety metres of Moody and Begbie, who interpreted McGowan's actions as a deliberate, premeditated insult to the British authorities. Following the fight, Yale was in an uproar. Arguments erupted between McGowan's friends from Hill's Bar and local Vigilance Committee supporters.

"Many persons were in evident terror," wrote Moody. "The language of the Town was violent and these excitable fellows were getting their blood up."

Moody and Begbie decided a show of force would be necessary after all. Moody drew up orders for the marines, bluejackets, and artillery at Fort Langley to proceed to Fort Hope and be ready if sent for. The Royal Engineers under Captain James Grant at Hope were to proceed to Yale immediately along with a dozen Cornish miners Moody had selected as "special constables" on his way up the river.

The terrain the expedition had to traverse was treacherous. Grant's force was to travel by boat and land just below Hill's Bar, on the opposite bank of the river from McGowan's stronghold. They could not take the boats any further because at Hill's Bar, the river narrowed and a strong, rapid current made paddling almost impossible. The only channel available was right next to Hill's Bar itself, and Moody wasn't risking having his troops fired on in their small vessels as they passed the American positions. The reliable Ogilvy was to be sent out ahead in a canoe to act as a scout in case of an ambush. Mayne was to relay Moody's orders for reinforcements to Fort Langley.

In the darkness, the Engineers and the Cornish Volunteers set out in a small flotilla of bateaux. Ahead of them went Ogilvy with two native paddlers and another Hudson's Bay man named MacDonald. Behind them were the Cornish Volunteers, who acted as a vanguard because of their experience on the river.

The night was intensely cold and clear. Ogilvy, MacDonald, and their paddlers proceeded slowly, landing occasionally to get their bearings. The journey took all night, and it was first light by the time they landed on the shore opposite Hill's Bar. With MacDonald and Ogilvy leading, the Royal Engineers and special constables began their march towards Yale. Despite the cover of trees along the riverbank, they were easily spotted by sentries at Hill's Bar.

This was the moment of truth. If McGowan and Dolan were to oppose Grant's passage and fall back on their "dernier ressort," now was the time. And as the first rifle balls and bullets hurled overhead, it must have seemed – at least for a moment – the Yankees had chosen to fight. But the volleys were mere bravado, not intended to cause harm. Things still might have got out of hand had anyone returned fire, especially the Cornish Volunteers. But Moody's handpicked men and Royal Engineers marched steadily on without a shot. The shouting and confusion died down as the troops disappeared up the river.

As dawn broke fully over the Cascades, Ogilvy and MacDonald led the way into Yale, grinning as Moody raced out to greet them. Guided by the native people of B.C. and the Hudson's Bay Company men, the Royal Engineers and Cornish Volunteers had made it to Yale unharmed.

"From the moment of their arrival, everything began to change and brighten up," wrote Moody. "Alarm vanished and Hill's Bar Men were full of assurances to everybody that they were and always had been loyal men and to say otherwise was to libel them."

With the troops in town, a single constable to Hill's Bar sufficed to serve McGowan with a summons to appear; the stage was set for a legal showdown in Yale.

On Wednesday, January 19, 1859, the day of judgment dawned. In case of trouble, Moody had taken the precaution of stationing his troops in and around the tiny courthouse, which was packed with miners from both Law

and Order and Vigilance Committee factions, all of them armed, McGowan included.

The first charge against McGowan was assaulting Fifer. McGowan pleaded guilty, but gave, as Moody put it, "an exquisitely beautiful speech, so neat, such few words, all to the point, nothing discursive, no 'bunkism,' no nonsense of any kind, admirable for what *he left out* as well as for what he said – It was in fact a very clever and very gentlemanly speech – dignified and yet respectful."

Begbie gave McGowan the stiffest fine he could, five pounds, but no prison sentence. He also ordered McGowan to keep the peace – a sort of unofficial probation. McGowan was over his first legal hurdle, but still to come were the most serious charges – falsely arresting Whannell, taking possession of the jail, and freeing prisoners of the Crown. McGowan pleaded not guilty. Then he pulled a legal trick out of his hat: instead of proceeding immediately to trial, would Begbie be prepared first to hear his evidence, weighed against Whannell's, then decide if there was a case? Begbie agreed.

Taking the stand, Whannell gave an account of his arrest and its aftermath, and the jailer gave his evidence. McGowan's questions were few. It appeared to be an open-and-shut case. But McGowan reminded Begbie he'd agreed to hear evidence for the defence as well as the prosecution. McGowan called George Perrier to the stand and pulled out his trump card.

"Judge, will you be kind enough to tell His Honor whether or not I acted under your instructions?" McGowan asked.

Perrier testified that McGowan had done nothing more than what he had asked him to. McGowan then produced the warrant for Whannell's arrest issued by Perrier, the order deputizing him as a special constable, and the transcript of the proceedings that he had instructed Perrier to make. Begbie stopped the proceedings and conferred with Moody.

"It appeared, indeed, to me that if the matter had gone to trial I should have been bound to direct an acquittal," Begbie reported to Douglas. "With the concurrence of the Lieut. Governor, therefore ... [I] directed the defendants to be dismissed."

McGowan records a somewhat less formal tone in the courtroom.

"The judge ... conferred for a few moments with Lieutenant Governor Moody, when both of them laughed. Judge Bigbee [*sic*] then turned to me and said: 'A clever Yankee trick!!' and added: 'Mr. McGowan, you are discharged.'"

The Hill's Bar men erupted into cheers. McGowan and his party adjourned to a saloon. McGowan also invited Begbie and Moody to Hill's Bar for a celebratory drink. Moody was too ill to attend, but the following day, Begbie made the trek to Hill's Bar, as did Mayne, who had arrived at Fort Yale with the reinforcements after two hideous days of battling ice and the river's current only to find the campaign over. Both men were thoroughly entertained. McGowan

"Our fight had been a bloodless one – a legal fight – which leaves no one killed or wounded to be carried off the field ... Instead of a funeral we were to have a feast."

escorted them into his cabin, then gave a brief speech of welcome:

> *I ventured further to say 'that our status of yesterday looked dark, but to-day the horizon was bright; that all of our difficulties had been settled to our entire satisfaction, and I hoped, also, to the satisfaction of the authorities.' The prediction of the press of San Francisco and Victoria to the contrary notwithstanding, our fight had been a bloodless one – a legal fight – which leaves no one killed or wounded to be carried off the field instead of a funeral we were to have a feast.*

Toast followed toast and, in the end, Begbie and Mayne left, both impressed by McGowan and his hospitality.

"We drank champagne with some twelve or fifteen of his [McGowan's] Californian mining friends. And, whatever the opinion the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco might entertain of these gentlemen, I, speaking as I found them, can only say that, all things considered, I have rarely lunched with a better-spoken, pleasanter party," wrote Mayne.

So ended McGowan's War. Perrier and Hicks were fired. When Whannell's Australian past caught up with him in the summer of 1859, he resigned from office. Douglas inherited a huge bill for the campaign, which, he lamented, had "nearly exhausted the exchequer," leaving the colony penniless in the midst of a gold rush. Douglas retired from office a year early, in 1864, the same year he was knighted.

McGowan himself would soon leave the gold fields a few thousand dollars richer. He'd fight for the Confederate States during the Civil War, but never gained the vengeance he sought against his Vigilance Committee persecutors. He died penniless in San Francisco on December 8, 1893, at age eighty-four. More serious conflicts, like the San Juan Island dispute and the U.S. Civil War would overwhelm his story, fading, like McGowan himself, into undeserved obscurity.

Donald J. Hauka is a journalist, author, and screenwriter living in New Westminster, B.C. His book on McGowan's War is scheduled for publication by New Star Books in the fall.

et cetera

Gold 1858! The Founding of British Columbia by Netta Sterne. Washington State University Press, Pullman, Washington, 1998.

An illustrated web history of Ned McGowan's War can be found at <http://collections.ic.gc.ca/ghost/mcgowan.html>.

THE BEAVER BOOK CLUB

THE BEAVER BOOK CLUB offers a convenient way to obtain selected Canadian books—primarily those dealing with historical or biographical subjects—at significant savings. Selection may vary with each issue of *The Beaver*.

NEW! **GENERAL STORES OF CANADA** *by R.B.Fleming*
Once at the heart of every Canadian town, the general store was more than a place for groceries and clothes. This book offers a nostalgic look back at the merchandise, architecture, legends, and history of a largely bygone institution. Excerpted in the *Beaver*, Aug/Sept 02. 206 pp., 300+ photos.

Publisher's List Price $24.95 **Club Price $18** (paper)

NEW! **THE INCREDIBLE WAR OF 1812: A MILITARY HISTORY** *by J.Mackay Hitsman, updated by Donald E. Graves*
The return of a classic. First published in 1965, this account is considered by many to be the "best one-volume history" of that War. This new edition contains the original text and much new material including an introductory essay by Graves, maps of campaigns and battles, illustrations of leaders, uniforms, battle scenes. 398 pp., index.

Publisher's List Price $22.95 **Club Price $17** (paper)

NEW! **THE BLANKET: AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE HBC POINT BLANKET** *text by Harold Tichenor*
With its stripes and distinctive black markettings, the Hudson's Bay point blanket, first commissioned in 1779, has become a Canadian icon. This lavishly illustrated book tells the story of the blanket that has literally "covered centuries." 80 pp.

Publisher's List Price $19.95 **Club Price $17** (cloth)

NEW! **THE NATIONAL DREAM** *and* **THE LAST SPIKE** *by Pierre Berton*
Two of Pierre Berton's signature titles tell the remarkable story of the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Publisher's List Price $22.95 ea.
Club Price $17 ea. or **$32 for both books** (cloth)

NEW! **CANADIAN MILITARY ATLAS** *text by Mark Zuehlke*
Now, for the first time the battlefields on which Canadian soldiers fought so valiantly –from the Plains of Abraham to peacekeeping efforts in Kosovo–are captured in one stunning, generously illustrated volume. 228 pp., index.

Publisher's List Price $100 **Club Price $65** (cloth)

HISTORICAL ATLAS OF CANADA *edited by Derek Hayes*
Canada's history, profoundly influenced by geography, told with the lavish use of 420 original maps–"essentially all the historically significant maps of the country"–gathered from archives and libraries around the world. 272 pp., index, map catalogue, reference notes, over-sized format. Publisher's List Price $75; **Club Price $55** (cloth). *Shipping, this title only, $10.*

IN SEARCH OF THE WESTERN SEA *edited by Denis Combet*
Selected journals and letters of La Verendrye and others who aided his search for the Pacific. Accompanied by contemporary maps, illustrations and original art. English and French text. Selected by the *Globe & Mail* as one of the best 100 books in 2001. 190 pp., index. Publisher's List Price $45; **Club Price $32** (cloth)

FIRST CROSSING *by Derek Hayes*
A lively account of Alexander Mackenzie's explorations, adventures, & misadventures across North America using his own journal and other contemporary accounts. Richly illustrated with current and archival material. 320 pp. Index. Publisher's List Price $50 **Club Price $35** (cloth)

THE LOYALISTS *by Christopher Moore*
The award-winning account of some 50,000 people who fled the U.S. for Canada in the late 18th century in protest over the revolution against Britain. 280 pp. Publisher's List Price $19.99; **Club Price $13** (paper)

THE STORY OF CANADA *by Janet Lunn & Christopher Moore*
This award-winning and bestselling children's history of Canada is now updated and available in a handsome paperback edition. A key reference book for every Canadian family. 325 pp. Photos, illustrations, index. Publisher's List Price $29.95; **Club Price $21** (paper)

THE SONGS OF ROBERT SERVICE *CD & Cassette*
A unique album featuring ten of the best-known poems of Robert Service all set to music designed to showcase the wonderful stories written by the Bard of the Yukon. **CD $20, Cassette $17** *(+ $4 shipping, these items only)*

TEN LOST YEARS *by Barry Broadfoot*
The book that launched the oral history genre in Canada. A classic grass-roots history of the depression era, the Dirty Thirties, as told by more than 600 ordinary men and women who lived to tell about it. 464 pp., B & W photos. Publisher's List Price $19.99; **Club Price $12** (paper)

TALES OF AN EMPTY CABIN *by Grey Owl*
Originally published in 1936, this classic collection of rich and varied yarns, tales, and true-life adventures remains as delightful as ever. A master storyteller –and fraud!–Grey Owl's wit, charm, and passion for nature shine in abundance. 296 pp. Publisher's List Price $18.95; **Club Price $13** (paper)

DOUBLE CROSS: The Inside Story of James A. Richardson and Canadian Airways *by Shirley Render*
Air rage circa 1937. A tale of intrigue, double dealings, turf protection and political manoeuvrings. How Winnipeg businessman James A. Richardson's vision of building a national airline was thwarted by C.D. Howe. 334 pp. Publisher's List Price $35; **Club Price $25** (cloth)

CANADA'S CENTURY *from the pages of* Maclean's
A richly illustrated history of the people and events that shaped Canada over the last century based on almost 2500 issues of the magazine. 352 pp., index, illustrations, photographs. Publisher's List Price $55; **Club Price $40** (cloth)

EXPLORING THE FUR TRADE ROUTES OF NORTH AMERICA *by Barbara Huck*
In the comfort of your car, use this stunning guide book to visit the main routes of the North American fur trade, from Quebec to Oregon. 256 pp. Photographs, maps, paintings. Includes complete driving instructions (car extra). Publisher's List Price $24.95; **Club Price $20** (paper)

A MILITARY HISTORY OF CANADA *by Desmond Morton*
Morton has integrated the experiences of Canadians fighting on land, sea, and air and linked them, for the first time, to Canadian history as a whole. 3rd Edition. 315 pp., photos, maps. Publisher's List Price $19.99; **Club Price $13** (paper)

CONFESSIONS OF AN IGLOO DWELLER *by James Houston*
From 1948 to 1962 James Houston lived among the Inuit in the Arctic. A fascinating account of life in the old North by the man who introduced Inuit art to the outside world. 320 pp., 30 illustrations by the author, maps. Publisher's List Price $19.99; **Club Price $12** (paper)

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF CANADA *edited by Craig Brown*
Newly revised and updated, this well-illustrated book is the first comprehensive, authoritative one-volume history of Canada written in lively fashion by seven of Canada's leading historians. 592 pp., photos and illustrations. Publisher's List Price $26.95; **Club Price $25** (paper)

THE CANOE: An Illustrated History *by Jim Poling,Sr.*
A handsome book, with over 80 photographs, that documents the canoe from its use in exploration, trade, war and the hunt to an instrument for commercial trade, recreation and sport. 143 pp. Publisher's List Price $29.95; **Club Price $22** (cloth)

• SAVE! Buy two books for $18.50 •
Publisher's List Price $12.95 each **Club Price $10.** (paper)

by James H. Gray

RED LIGHTS ON THE PRAIRIES
An unconventional social history that takes a lively look at the history of prostitution in prairie cities in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. A huge success when originally published. 235 pp., index.

MEN AGAINST THE DESERT
This book tells of the triumph over circumstances in Alberta's Palliser Triangle desert district during the Dirty Thirties. 288 pp., photos.

TITLE _____ $ _____
TITLE _____ $ _____
TITLE _____ $ _____

*Shipping + Handling $ _____
GST (in Canada only) $ _____
TOTAL ENCLOSED $ _____

*In Canada: $7, plus GST (7%) on total order; U.S.: $10; Foreign: $15.

MAIL ORDER TO: THE BEAVER BOOK CLUB 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 0T6 **OR BY FAX:** (204) 988-9309 **OR ONLINE:** www.beavermagazine.ca **FOR CREDIT CARD ORDERS:** 1-800-816-6777 Toll Free, M–F 8:30–4:30 CST

Please print:
NAME _____ MEMBERSHIP # _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ PROV/STATE _____
TELEPHONE _____ P CODE/ZIP _____

☐ Cheque/MO payable to The Beaver ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ AmEx
CREDIT CARD # _____ EXPIRY DATE _____
SIGNATURE _____

ADDITIONAL TITLES AVAILABLE ON OUR WEBSITE AT: www.thebeaver.ca

COURTESY DAVID GOSS

Meet the first Miss Canada. She's nineteen. She's a stenographer. And her thoughts on world peace, if any, are unrecorded.

The Fairest Girl

by David Goss

In the latter part of 1922, a committee of Montreal citizens, busy planning a carnival to promote the city as a winter-sports capital, decided to include the selection of a winter queen among its social functions. She would be known as Miss Canada.

It was the latest craze. A year earlier sixteen-year-old Margaret Gorman of Washington, D.C., had been crowned the first Miss America at Atlantic City, the first of many beauty queens who would reign in the post–World War I era. Though American circus impresario P.T. Barnum had floated the notion of a beauty contest in the 1850s (unsuccessfully; the mores of the day wouldn't permit such display), and though a young woman at a carnival or festival in the late nineteenth century would be chosen for her social position to become queen of the fete, the notion of a beauty contest had to wait for the Jazz Age and the loosening of Victorian strictures. However, in organizing a Miss Canada competition and inviting eight other cities to send participants, the Montreal organizers wished to make clear that it was not simply a beauty or a personality contest. While the young women would be judged on general appearance, personality, and deportment, the contest was to choose a winter sports queen. The winner, as the first Miss Canada would later say, had to be "an all round Canadian girl who was active in winter sports."

But, as it turned out, proficiency in winter sport was among the lesser attributes that fed the public imagination.

Popular histories record the Miss Canada pageant as a postwar phenomenon, beginning in 1946 with the crowning of Stayner, Ontario, resident Marion Saver, and ending in 1992 with Nicole Dunsdon who represented the Interior of British Columbia. But the first – and, until 1946, only – Miss Canada was Saint John, New Brunswick, resident Winifred Blair, who won the contest at the 1922 Montreal Winter Carnival, triumphing over eight other entrants from across the country. In the early twentieth century, beauty contests were viewed in some quarters as an emancipation for women from the rigorously controlled physicality of the nineteenth century, which idealized delicacy and fragility. The modern woman was to be healthy, vital, and vigorous – attributes endorsed by the 1922 Miss Canada contest, which centred around the athletic prowess of the contestants.

Several of the contestants threatened to withdraw. "We did not come here for pink teas," one of them fumed.

Just before midnight on Saturday, February 10, 1923, at the Windsor Hotel in Montreal, Miss Muriel Harper (Winnipeg), Miss Anna Lois Walsh (Quebec), Miss Pearl Miller (Regina), Mrs. Ora Doherty (Halifax), Miss Eileen Hawkins (Sherbrooke), Miss Leona McIntosh (Edmonton), Miss Gwendolen Shaw (Ste. Anne de Bellevue), Miss Gabrielle Rivet (Montreal), and Miss Winifred Blair (Saint John) waited for the announcement of the winner of the first Miss Canada title. They had arrived in Montreal some days earlier to find neither judges in place nor criteria established for the selection of Miss Canada. They were quickly swept up into a round of social engagements; no opportunities arose for them to show off their winter sports skills as they had expected. By February 9, several of the contestants threatened to withdraw. "We did not come here for pink teas," one of them fumed to the *Montreal Daily Star*. One of the girls' chaperones explained: "These girls are essentially athletic girls. They did not enter for a beauty contest ... Not only that, but the girls are still in the dark as to what qualifications they must possess in this contest."

By 6 P.M. on Friday, February 9, five judges were in place. Two hours later, they were at the Montreal Athletic Association open-air rink watching the candidates skate. As the *Star* reported, "Not only the candidates, attired in sports costume skated around the rink, but they indulged in fancy skating, therein displaying considerable prowess on the blades." Following the skating, the contestants appeared at the Venetian Gardens, where each was introduced under a spotlight. They were then free to enjoy dancing as the judging continued. There was no official program for Saturday. The girls were to rest before the evening's grand ball at the Windsor Hotel.

When the winner was announced at the ball, no one was more stunned than Miss Saint John, Winifred Blair. When the *Star* reporter asked her how it felt to be selected as Miss Canada, she replied, "I don't know, it's all so sudden, but I'm pleased."

"And what about future movies, stage or business?" the reporter continued.

"All I want to do when this is over is to go home and go back to the office," was Miss Blair's response.

Miss Blair was nineteen, the youngest of the contestants in Montreal. The office she was anxious to return to belonged to customs broker H.C. Olive. She worked for him as a stenographer for ten dollars a week. When she prevailed over ninety-four other contestants to be crowned Miss Saint John two weeks earlier, on January 27, her mother had been a widow for only a few weeks. Her father, a telegraph operator before the war, had died of the gassing he'd received in the trenches of France. Her sponsor in the Miss Saint John contest – which local winter carnival organizers decided to run so they could send a representative to Montreal – had been Walter Golding, manager of the Imperial Theatre. He told the newspapers after her triumph in Montreal that she represented an ideal: She did not smoke or drink; she was an unaffected, unspoiled business girl from an average family; she was not popular in elite groups, but popular in groups around her home; and she was very active in sports. He felt all girls should be as unspoiled as Miss Blair. Years later, Winifred, by then Mrs. Harold Drummie, said that Golding had suggested she enter the local competition "to get her out of his hair," since she loved to hang around the theatre with his daughter, Ollie.

As the pattern would become for all future winners of such contests, Winifred Blair was immediately caught up in a round of social engagements, the guest of honour at plays and teas, dropping the puck at local hockey games, and meeting with the Saint John carnival committee. Local merchants supplied clothing, jewellery, toiletries, chocolate, perfume, skates, and a set of furs (loaned, in this case). To cover her expenses, the City of Saint John voted her an allowance of $500 – the equivalent of a year's stenographer's salary. When she left for Montreal with her escorts, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Golding, no one but the *Saint John Globe* expected her to win, including Miss Blair herself. Asked on her arrival in Montreal about her chances of becoming Miss Canada, she replied: "I haven't the slightest idea about winning. I am here to enjoy myself."

Before she left, the *Globe* wrote: "It is safe to say that when Miss Saint John takes part in the Montreal show, she will create a sensation by virtue of her personal charm and by reason of the material excellence, good taste and general fitness of her costume." No mention of winter sports. The Fredericton *Daily Gleaner* likewise overlooked the sports criterion: "It is pleasing to know that in our good girls we also lead in the best types of beauty, of grace and the national characteristic." It is unclear what the "national characteristic" might have been.

On the Monday after winning the Montreal contest, Winifred returned home. She passed through a large crowd of well-wishers at Montreal's Windsor Station and was met by an equally enthusiastic crowd at Union Station in Saint John that escorted her a half mile to the uptown area. The *Globe* likened it to the return of a "triumphant Roman Emperor." She did not go back to the office as she had hoped. Saint John's winter carnival had begun and she had official duties: Tuesday evening it was the military ball at the South End Armories; Wednesday afternoon it was the opening of a skating competition at Rockwood Park's Lily Lake; Wednesday evening, she, Miss Moncton, and Miss Halifax were drawn through downtown Saint John in a "Regal Coach" for a torchlight parade. The following Monday she was in Moncton to preside at that city's winter carnival.

Setting the pattern for future pageant winners, Winifred Blair, upon winning the Miss Canada title, embarked on a round of official duties – attending luncheons, visiting schools and hospitals, opening fairs and carnivals, and handing out prizes. The obligations took a toll, however. There was almost no financial reward attached to the title, and Blair, an eldest child with a widowed mother and two younger siblings to support, soon returned to wage labour and a quiet life. Saint John lawyer Harold Drummie, whom she married in 1930, didn't want her in the public eye. She declined an invitation later in life to appear on CBC-TV's *Front Page Challenge* (because, her husband said, panelist Gordon Sinclair "doesn't ask very pleasant questions"), but she did appear on *Canada AM* in 1973 on her seventieth birthday.

COURTESY DONALD COLLINS

FIVE JUDGES ARE MAKING SELECTION

Named for "Miss Canada" Competition at 6 o'clock Last Friday

DECISION TONIGHT

Sports Aptitude to Be Some Factor in Forming Verdict

WINSOME WINNIE BLAIR, ST. JOHN, IS MISS CANADA

Success Fails to Upset Queen, Who Takes News Calmly

BACK TO WORK

Remembers Her Helpless Chum in Moment of Victory

MISS CANADA GOES HOME TO ST. JOHN

Will Take Part in Winter Carnival in That City

ST. JOHN, N.B., Feb. 12.—(Canadian Press.)—Lieut.-Governor William Pugsley on Saturday in King Square opened the winter carnival week.

Mayor G. Fred. Fisher followed in a short speech in which he referred to the fact that Miss St. John would arrive home on Monday, "possibly as Miss Canada." As events turned out, His Worship's role of seer was not altogether out of place. He paid tribute to her charm and ability.

The Montreal train this afternoon brought Miss Canada, formerly Miss St. John, and also Miss Halifax and others.

The skaters for the international skating meet also arrived and the entire party will be driven to the skating headquarters, where Miss Canada

COURTESY DONALD COLLINS

The winner of the Miss Canada title had been promised a number of prizes, including a trip across Canada, a trip to England to meet Queen Mary, and a sitting to have her portrait done. They did not materialize. The Montreal Winter Carnival committee said they hadn't the money to fulfill their promises. However, Winifred did tour the Maritimes in early March and was kept busy attending luncheons and garden parties, crowning queens, and visiting hospitals and schools – everywhere greeted by large crowds. In Fredericton on March 8, she attended the opening of the legislature, seated to the left of the Throne so everyone could see her. She was the first woman allowed to sit on the floor of a Canadian parliament. The *Globe* called it "the first distinctive recognition by any legislature of Canadian womanhood." In June, in Glace Bay, she broke an ancient taboo by being the first woman ever allowed in the coal mines.

In May she travelled to New York for a screen test and sat in the studio waiting room in the company of Joan Crawford. She decided a career in films wasn't for her. The last major event of her reign was a June trip to Cleveland to assist Miss America in crowning Miss Cleveland.

All along she was watched closely by her chaperone, Walter Golding, who made it clear he did not want her exploited. The Miss America contest he considered too commercial in nature. With the American competition having incited controversy by giving second place to a married woman and inviting a large lawsuit by another unhappy contestant, Montreal began to have second thoughts about continuing the Miss Canada competition. A report out of Montreal, carried in the *Globe*, noted such contests "place an undue emphasis upon mere physical attributes and, as conducted in the United States, involve wearing costumes and a display of person subversive to modesty." Noting that "those on the inside were aware of 'petty bickerings and keenly felt disappointments'" at the Montreal event, the article concluded that such competitions were

Her trip to Montreal was the first big trip of her life. When she arrived there, she was told that her troubles were only beginning ... . To this she replied: "If this is trouble, I like it."

"distasteful to a large section of the public."

What Miss Canada thought of her reign is unclear. Her trip to Montreal was the first big trip of her life. When she arrived there, she was told that her troubles were only beginning, that the week ahead would be difficult. To this she replied: "If this is trouble, I like it." Yet interviewed many decades later, she declared most of what she was called on to do as Miss Canada was boring. "I always felt like there were flowers sticking out of me," she said.

Other than gifts, the material rewards of being Miss Canada were few. Her stenographer's job wasn't hers to return to. In her absence, H.C. Olive found another young woman to fill the position. Winifred had the $500 from the City of Saint John, but much of it went for expenses. She did receive payment from Moir's Chocolates to have her picture appear on their boxes, but with a widowed mother and a brother and sister still in school, she soon had to find work. In Saint John, she got a job as a stenographer with the Power Commission of the City of Saint John, where she worked until June 1930 when she married lawyer Harold Drummie. Winter carnivals continued and young women were still crowned at festivals and contests, but the idea of Miss Canada vanished. It wasn't until 1946 that the contest was revived. In the intervening years Winifred (Blair) Drummie raised two boys through Depression and war and gave her win little thought. She rarely spoke of it unless pressed. As she said when she won the title, "All I want to do ... is go home." And that is what the first Miss Canada did.

David Goss is a Saint John, New Brunswick writer. He would like to acknowledge the assistance of David Barrett of Sussex, New Brunswick, who taped Winifred Drummie in 1981. His essay on her life was an invaluable source for this article.

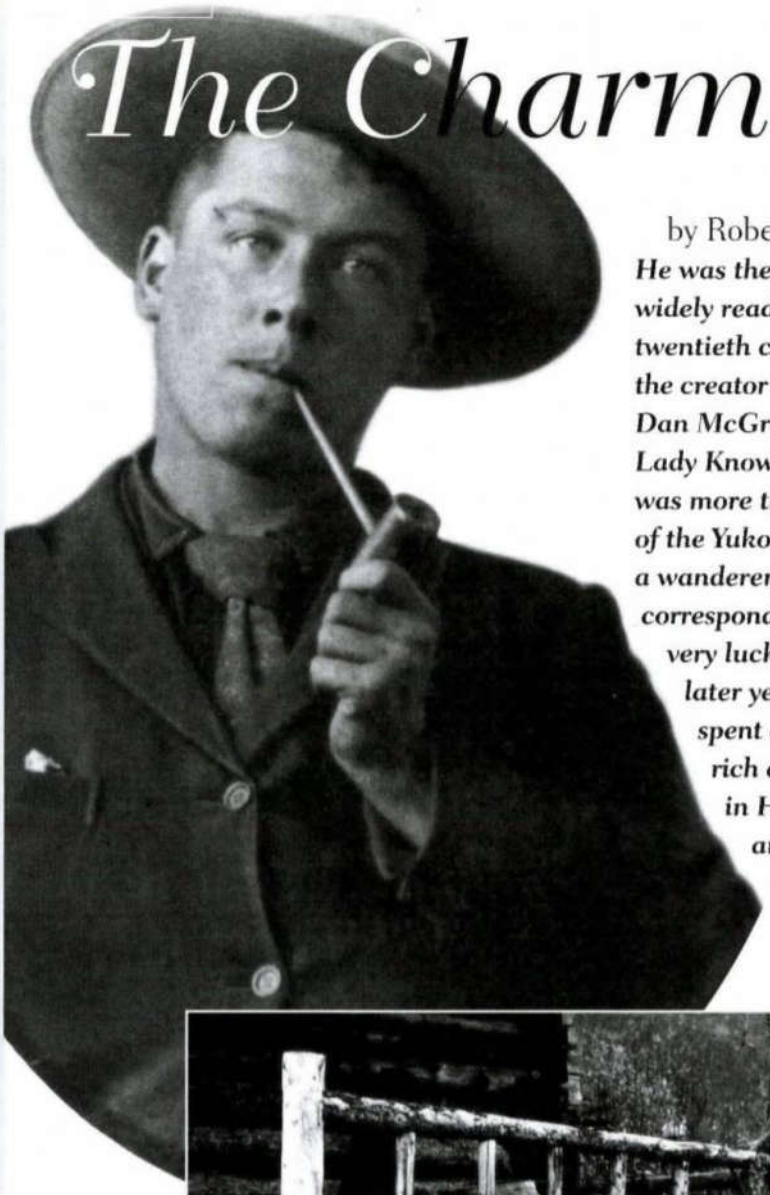
et cetera

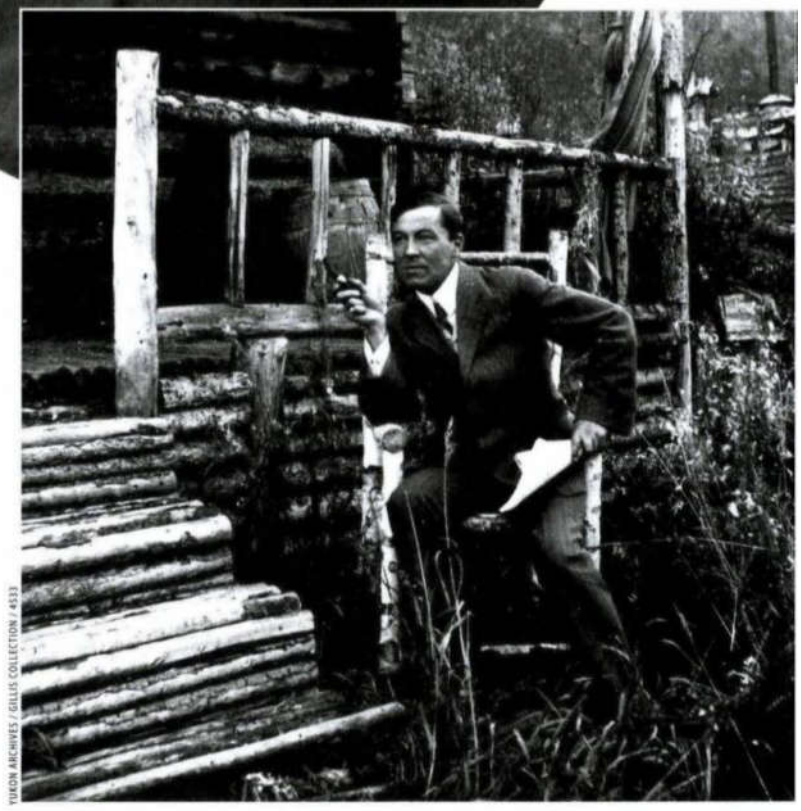
***Beauty Queens: A Playful History* by Candace Savage. Greystone Books, Vancouver, 1998.**

The Charmed

by Robert Stewart

He was the most widely read poet of the twentieth century. But the creator of Dangerous Dan McGrew and the Lady Known as Lou was more than the Bard of the Yukon. He was a wanderer, a war correspondent, and a very lucky man whose later years were spent among the rich and famous in Hollywood and Monte Carlo.





YUKON ARCHIVES / GILLIS COLLECTION / 4333

Life of Robert Service

In its obituary of Robert William Service when he died in September 1958, the Canadian Press news service commented that he "was not a Canadian poet in the strict sense of the word, as was Bliss Carman or Duncan Campbell Scott, for instance." There were those who would go further to say that Service was not a poet in the strict sense of the word at all. Critics and academics dismissed him as a mere artificer of verse that was sentimental, corny, and – worst of all – appealing to the masses. As such, he was coldly excluded from literary studies and anthologies.

Yet, for many years, if you were to ask ordinary Canadians to name a Canadian poet, they would almost certainly say Robert Service. True, he lived in Canada for only sixteen of his eighty-four years. But he did his most celebrated work here, and was universally known as the Bard of the Yukon. To millions of ordinary people who would never read a line by the likes of Carman, Service was Canada's national poet, just as Robert Burns was Scotland's national poet.

He filled that role by giving Canadians an ennobling sense of themselves, making them feel like intrepid individualists capable of standing up to the challenges of the wilderness that defined their great Dominion. With a book by Service in their laps, chair-bound Torontonians or Haligonians could picture themselves shooting the rapids or, rifle in hand, tracking a four-pronged buck through a rugged valley. Like true Canucks, they could "long for a whiff of bacon and beans, a snug shakedown in the snow."

They would have been surprised to learn that the author of this red-blooded stuff was a short, quiet bank clerk who had been in the far north for little more than a year when he wrote it. Born in England and raised in Scotland, Service emigrated to British Columbia in 1896 at age twenty-two. He dreamt of becoming a cowboy, but ended up as a "cow-juice jerker" on a dairy farm near Duncan on Vancouver Island. Following stints of tramping around the American Southwest and running a one-man store in Cowichan, B.C., he capitalized on the fact that, after dropping out of school, he'd apprenticed in a bank in Glasgow. The Canadian Bank of Commerce hired him in 1903, and he worked in branches in Victoria and Kamloops before being transferred to Whitehorse, Yukon, in 1905.

The Klondike gold rush had long since fizzled out, but a hard core of prospectors, dance-hall girls, gamblers, and outcasts lingered among the Yukon community's thousand-odd inhabitants. Fascinated by their raffish glamour, the bashful banker discreetly hung around them, observing their ways. His contribution to the social life of Whitehorse's more respectable citizenry consisted of reciting "The Face in the Bar Room Floor," "Gunga Din," and "Casey at the Bat" at church concerts. (One factor in Service's enormous future success was that recitations were then a popular form of entertainment.) Remarking that Service's repertoire was a bit stale, Whitehorse *Star* editor Stroller White suggested that he compose something with local colour. The upshot was to become one of the most-recited (and most-parodied) poems in history: "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."

In those post-Victorian days, it was clear that this tale of the gory consequences of a scarlet woman's infidelity was too racy for the next church social. Service stashed it away in a drawer, but then he overheard a man spinning a yarn that he converted into the equally famous "The Cremation of Sam McGee." Meanwhile, inspired by the grandeur of his surroundings, he had taken to writing robust nature poetry. In the fall of 1906, he assembled thirty-four verses in a collection, intending to publish it at his own expense and distribute it locally.

He sent the manuscript and a $100 cheque to cover the cost to his father, also named Robert. Robert Sr. was a feckless Scottish entrepreneur who had emigrated to a farm in Vegreville, Alberta, with his Lancashire-born wife and large family (Robert Jr. was the eldest of ten). He sent the manuscript off to the Methodist Book and Publishing House in Toronto, whose top manager, William Briggs, ran a

All photographs courtesy Anne Longépé unless otherwise noted.

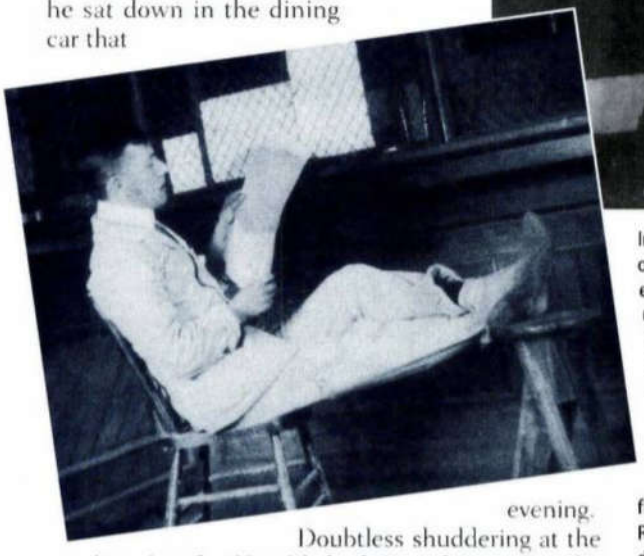
After leaving Scotland and his job at a Glasgow Bank in 1896, Robert Service sailed for Canada. From Montreal he journeyed west by train, his destination Vancouver Island, where a second cousin had a farm. Though there is no record of him visiting his relative, Service spent the spring and summer of 1897 working on a dairy farm near Duncan, where the photograph above left was taken. In the fall he travelled to California, then spent the next two years roaming through the American Southwest.

Resigning from the bank in 1909, Service rented a log cabin on a hillside overlooking Dawson (left) and wrote his first novel, *The Trail of Ninety-Eight*, the semiautobiographical tale of a young Scotsman's adventures on the Pacific Coast and in the Yukon, which in 1928 became a silent film starring Dolores Del Rio. Rather than send the manuscript by post to his New York publisher, Service crossed the continent to deliver it in person. He returned to Yukon in 1911 and completed another book of verse, *Rhymes of a Rolling Stone*, but by the late summer of 1912, he was gone from the north for good.

vanity publishing business on the side.

Titled *Songs of a Sourdough*, the collection had just been typeset in January 1907, when Robert Bond, a young salesman for the firm, was setting out on a trip through Western Canada. He was about to leave for his train when an editor handed him a sheaf of unbound proofs and said: "We're bringing out a book of poetry for a man who lives in the Yukon. ... Try and sell some for him, if you can."

Bond forgot about the proofs until he sat down in the dining car that evening.



In 1905, after stints in Victoria and Kamloops for the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Service was transferred to Whitehorse, Yukon. By the end of 1907, his first book of verse, *Songs of a Sourdough*, was a Canadian bestseller with publication pending in the U.S. and Britain. In 1908 he was transferred to the Dawson branch of the bank (left), but a year later, with mounting royalties from his book, he was able to leave banking and take up writing full time.

In 1913, at age thirty-nine, Service married twenty-five-year-old Germaine Bourgeoin (right), the convent-educated daughter of a Parisian distiller. The same year they moved into their first home, a flat on rue Compagne Première in Paris, which Robert christened the Rabbit Hutch. Germaine outlived her husband by thirty-one years, dying in 1989 at age 102.

Doubtless shuddering at the thought of self-published Canadian poetry, he conscientiously began to scan the newly printed lines. He soon became so carried away with "Sam McGee" that he hardly touched his dinner. Repairing to the smoking lounge, he regaled his fellow commercial travellers with readings from the embryonic slim volume. Mightily enthused, the salesmen went on to act as Service's unpaid publicity agents. The first bookseller Bond approached, in Fort William, Ontario, told him he had already heard about his reading on the train and ordered five books.

Bond performed recitations of Service's poems in bookstores in towns and cities all the way to Vancouver. The farther west the reciting salesman went, the more orders he took. He had nearly sold out the initial press run by the time he reached Victoria. From there he wrote to William Briggs suggesting he cancel the vanity deal and take over the publication himself.

Service was at his wicket in Whitehorse when a letter arrived bearing the Methodist Book and Publishing House's letterhead. He opened the envelope to find his uncashed $100 cheque. Assuming the religious publisher was refusing to handle a manuscript that dealt sympathetically with sin, he put it aside together with Briggs's accompanying letter. This he eventually read "with a growing sense of stupefaction." It offered him his money back in return for a 10 percent royalty on $1 per copy. He telegraphed his acceptance before Briggs had a chance to change his mind.

He resumed his banking career unaware that he had struck it rich in the Yukon – far richer, in fact, than all but a handful of gold rushers. Before 1907 was out, the Canadian edition of *Songs of a Sourdough* was in its fifteenth printing, and it had been snapped up by publishers in Britain and the United States. Transferred to the bank's Dawson Branch in 1908, Service noticed his monthly royalty payments climbing from $25 to $50 to $150. His success encouraged him to write a follow-up collection, *Ballads of a Cheechako**, which sold just as lustily.

Service liked to pretend that he was no more than a talented dilettante, but he was actually a hard-working poetic craftsman. What hooked readers on his verse was his adroit use of language, his galloping rhythms, and his mastery of the internal rhyme. And tucked in among the raucous tales of characters like Pious Pete were works of genuine beauty, poignancy, and anger at social injustice. In "The Song of the Wage Slave," he wrote: "Wrought for the little masters, big-bellied they be, and rich / I've done their

*Chinook Jargon for tenderfoot or newcomer.

desire for a daily hire, and I die like a dog in a ditch."

Service's fame had preceded him to Dawson, where residents like the future Laura Berton (author Pierre Berton's mother) contrived to catch a glimpse of him in his teller's cage, weighing out gold dust. In her 1955 book *I Married the Klondike*, Mrs. Berton wrote: "We had thought of him as a rip-roaring roisterer, but instead we found a shy and non-descript man in his mid-thirties, with a fresh complexion, clear blue eyes and a boyish figure that made him look younger."

She came to know him as a loner

who could be found strolling pensively among the boarded-up buildings of the nascent ghost town or taking long walks along the shore of the Yukon River. In 1909 he settled in a rented log cabin to write *The Trail of Ninety-Eight*, a successful novel later made into a movie starring Dolores del Rio. By then his growing prosperity had enabled him to quit his job at the bank. More than half a century later, Mrs. Berton was to conclude that of all the people who had written about the gold rush, only Robert Service "succeeded in capturing the strange mixture of magic and tragedy, hope and heartbreak, of which the gold camps of the Yukon are compounded. It is a tribute to him that his books sell nowhere as well as they do in Dawson itself."

"I was not my type," Service once wryly lamented. Unlike his subjects, he had never staked a claim or bet his last dollar on a spin of a roulette wheel; he didn't even drink. There was, however, one aspect of his persona that fitted his real character. He was a born adventurer, a point he proved in 1911 when he returned to Dawson after a solitary walking tour through Cuba and a sojourn on the family farm in Vegreville.

He did it the hard way, travelling by horseback, barge, scow, riverboat, and canoe over some three thousand kilometres of wilderness from Alberta to the Arctic coast, thence across the Great Divide to the Yukon River. In the opinion of Canadian literary

Unlike his subjects, [Service] never staked a claim or bet his last dollar on a spin of a roulette wheel; he didn't even drink.

scholar Carl F. Klinck in his *Robert Service: A Biography*, Service's account of this epic journey in the first volume of his autobiography, *Ploughman of the Moon*, is "a modest, yet dramatic, revelation of the daring, courage, and endurance of the poet. Had he not had the fortitude of a northern explorer, and physical strength carefully built up through all his North American years, he would not have survived the terrible dangers of this trip." Anyone familiar with Service's autobiographical writings might conclude that the source of these heroics was a deep-seated inferiority complex. He always tried to prove himself to be as tough and earthy as his mainly blue-collared readership.

Out of his progress through the Northwest Territories came many of the *Rhymes of a Rolling Stone*, published in 1912. It was another bestseller, and Service, now approaching middle age, was ready to enjoy his wealth. He was holidaying in New York when the *Toronto Daily Star* asked him to become its correspondent in the Second Balkan War in Turkey, an assignment that was quickly aborted. Suspected of spying, he was forced to flee the country one jump ahead of the Turkish secret police.

Having taken up the bohemian life in Paris in 1913, he found himself one day in the midst of a milling crowd watching a parade at Place de la Madeleine. He climbed up on a handcart, from which he noticed two pretty girls caught in the crush. He pulled them up beside him, and one of them spoke to him in English. She was Germaine Bourgeoin, from a classic middle-class Parisian family. They were married in June of that year. She was twenty-five, he thirty-nine.

Service surprised his bride by taking her to a comfortable villa he had purchased on the scenic

Records of a Red Cross Man

Though Robert Service's chief claim to fame is his poetry, particularly his verses evoking his Yukon experience, he was also an accomplished prose writer. During World War I, denied enlistment as a soldier, he served with an ambulance corps and wrote about his experiences at the front for the *Toronto Star*. Weekly, from Saturday, December 11, 1915 to Saturday, January 29, 1916, Service's column for the *Star* related the horrors of trench warfare. In his January 22 column, he describes the path from the firing lines to the dressing station for the wounded:

At forty-one, Service was well past military age when World War I began, but this didn't deter him from trying to enlist. However, kept from service by a varicose vein, he volunteered instead for the American Ambulance Unit, which was recruiting drivers. He wrote about his war experiences for a series of columns for the *Toronto Star* and produced a book of poetry, *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man*, which was a bestseller in the United States before the Americans entered the war in 1917.

> It is a long dug-out with two entrances, one to take in the wounded, the other to bring them out. It stands on the flattish top of a rise, but is indistinguishable from the clay of the road. Beyond it is a narrow trail, up which a stream of Red Cross men are pushing stretchers mounted on wheels. From where they are coming shells are falling thick and fast, but they do not seem to heed. Already rank on rank of stretchers lie on the ground, limp heaps that go into the dug-out dirty, mangled, bloody, to come stripped, swathed, straightened, but still bloody.
>
> Never will I forget it, that bright bare field on the hill, the young barley all around, the long road lined with blue-coated soldiers, the guns blazing on all sides, the crash of shells falling in the trenches ... the Red Cross men drip with sweat as they unload their burdens. The half-naked forms on the stretchers shiver in the fierce heat, the blind glare. There is a strange metallic feeling in the air, while spouting geysers of smoke, white, yellow, black, seem to ring us all around. ...
>
> The road is fearfully encumbered. The stream of traffic runs both ways. On the one hand there are fresh regiments going out to the slaughter, on the other the wounded pouring back from it. I pass bands of them struggling hospitalwards. Most are hit on the arm or foot, but some have heads bound and faces masked with dried blood. Slowly, wearily, they walk, some like somnambulists, starting at the sound of my horn, and having to be dragged out of the way. Often they sink by the roadside, a band of fifty or so, then a Red Cross orderly shouts at them and goads them on a little further. Many throw away their cartridges, so that in places the road fairly glitters.

coast of Brittany. They did not have much time to enjoy it before war broke out in August 1914. He tried to join the Seaforth Highlanders but was rebuffed at the medical examination—he had a varicose vein in one leg. Instead, he again signed on with the *Toronto Star* as a correspondent, and to get close to the action, he served with an ambulance corps formed by American expatriates. Out of this experience he wrote "Records of a Red Cross Man," a series of superb eyewitness accounts of trench warfare that ran in the *Star* in late 1915 and early 1916 under such subtitles as "The Orchestra of War," "The Valley of the Thousand Dead," "In the Trenches," and "On the Inferno's Edge."

After constantly risking his life retrieving casualties and driving under fire, he was invalided out of action in June 1916, by an attack of boils that covered his body. He retreated to his villa, where he poured his fresh and painful impressions of the fighting into a collection of fifty-three poems called *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man*. Of this work, Service's Scottish biographer, James Mackay (*Vagabond of Verse*) wrote that in his ambulance-driving days, Service had become as one with his subjects, the rankers in the trenches. Here, Mackay wrote, was "the gut-wrenching wait for the signal 'to go over the top', the grim realities of No Man's Land, the pathos and poignancy, the humanity amid so much inhumanity, the loss of comrades, the sardonic gallows humour and the futility of the murderous onslaughts that won barely a yard or two." The poet touchingly dedicated it to the memory of his youngest brother, Lieutenant Albert Service of the Fifty-second (Manitoba) Battalion, killed near Ypres in August 1916.

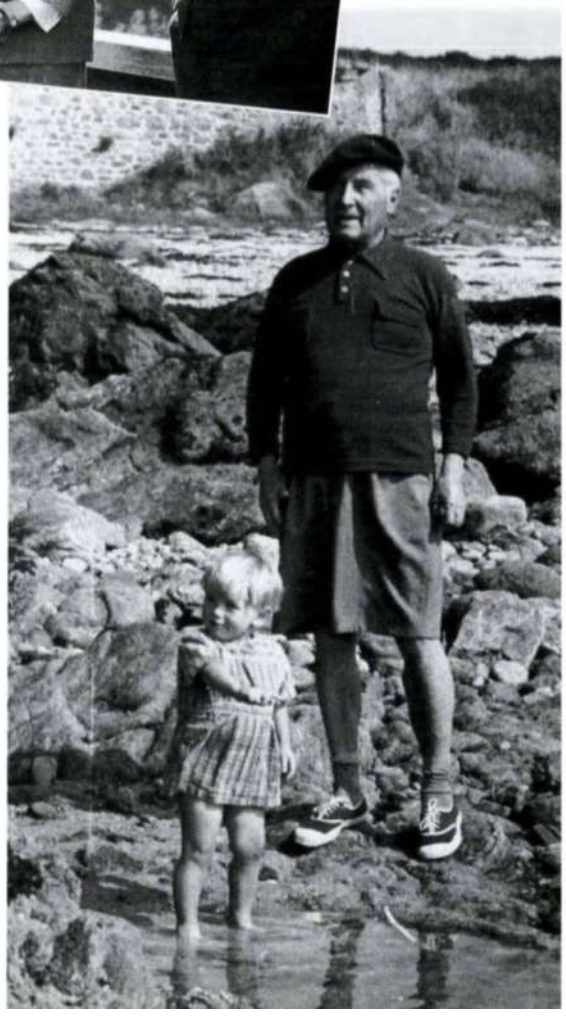
Germaine gave birth to twin girls the following January. One of them, Doris, died of scarlet fever in February 1918. That spring the Canadian government offered Service a commission to report on the activities of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. The job came complete with a Cadillac, a chauffeur, and freedom to chose his own itinerary. The Canadians were now advancing, and he wrote powerfully about the carnage in the shattered villages the enemy had just vacated. Racing ahead of the force, he and a Canadian major "liberated" the northern French city of Lille.

At war's end Service and his wife and surviving daughter, Iris, embarked on a long idyll, living by turns in a palatial flat in Paris, a villa in Nice, and a bungalow in Hollywood. He wrote three good-selling novels in the early 1920s, two of which, *The Poisoned Paradise* and *The Roughneck*, were made into Hollywood movies. The latter resulted from a thrill-packed, two-month trip he took to the South Sea Islands on the trail of his idol, Robert Louis Stevenson.

The only blip in his otherwise serene existence came when a crash in his Canadian bank stocks wiped out half of his savings. He reacted by selling the stocks and purchasing life annuities from four insurance companies. Thereafter, he wrote, "I was

During World War II, Service did USO tours in California and had a brief flirtation with film. In the 1942 movie *The Spoilers*, a story about the Alaska gold rush, with Marlene Dietrich as a gambling queen (above), he played himself.

From 1929 until 1940, Service and his family spent the winters in the Riviera, which was also home to a number of other expatriate writers including Somerset Maugham and Frank Harris. H.G. Wells (centre photo, right), the author of *War of the Worlds* and *The Invisible Man*, became a close friend.



Service, shown right with his granddaughter Anne, spent many of his summers at Lancieux, Brittany, where he bought a villa that he named Dream Haven. During World War II, the villa was occupied and damaged by German troops, but after the war he had it restored. He is buried at Lancieux, where he died in 1958.

free from financial worry. Best of all was the incentive to longevity. I must guard my health more jealously than ever. In short, I must live so long I could get ahead of those goddamn Companies."

Despite a "conky heart," he continued to live the good life in France throughout the 1930s. Always inclined to happy-go-lucky indolence, he wrote so little that he often met people who assumed he was dead. But the old wanderlust was still alive: in 1938, at sixty-four, he travelled around the forbidding Soviet Union. On his return journey, he stopped in Germany long enough to be sickened by Nazi anti-Semitism.

In 1939, he was passing through Warsaw after a

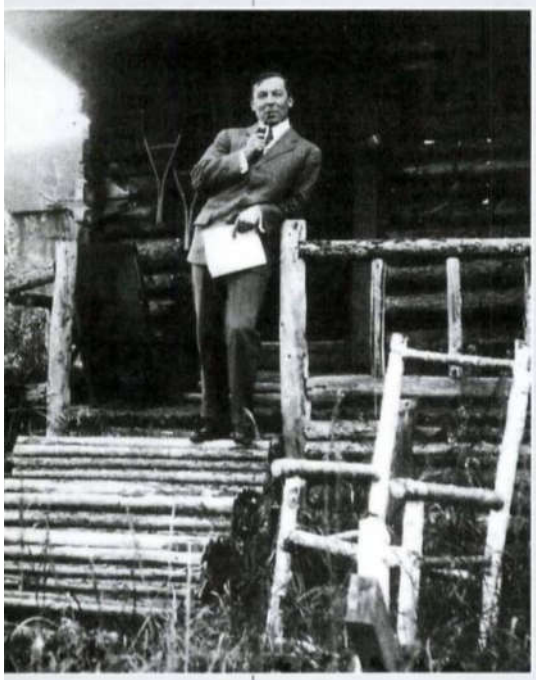
Throughout the 1930s ... always inclined to happy-go-lucky indolence, he wrote so little that he often met people who assumed he was dead.

second Russia tour when the first bombs fell to begin World War II. Teaming up with a plucky woman from Moose Jaw, he avoided internment in an exciting flight through the Baltic countries. In June 1940, he and his wife and daughter had another hair-raising escape when they boarded an evacuation ship from St. Malo almost within sight of the advancing German troops.

They sailed from England to Canada, where he was reintroduced to his siblings and was surprised to find himself a national celebrity. In Vancouver they rented the Tudor Manor at Sylvia Court, which afforded a glorious ocean view. But soon he was wearily writing: "Vancouver rain, Vancouver rain, / Again I hear its

The Service Industry

Tourism ranks second only to mining as an industry in the Yukon, and Robert Service ranks, in his own ghostly way, as a pillar of Yukon tourism. Robert Service's Cabin, a national historic site in Dawson where the poet wrote *The Trail of Ninety-Eight* and *Rhymes of a Rolling Stone*, draws between 20,000 and 25,000 visitors a year. Robert Service books and souvenirs are among the hottest-selling items in gift and book shops throughout the territory.



While the memory of more "literary" poets has faded out of sight, the master of the raunchy rhyme retains an adoring following almost half a century after he penned his final stanza. The Original Home Page of Robert W. Service, <www.robertwservice.com>, has the air of a Hollywood fan club. Visitors from far and wide exchange trivia about their hero and attest to how his poetry has touched their lives.

The Service estate's New York agent reports a continuing flow of requests for motion picture and other rights, while Ottawa record producer Les McLaughlin has found "a very good market" for his CD/cassette *The Songs of Robert Service*, featuring Tracey Brown and Randall Prescott. (In addition to record stores, it's available from our own Beaver Book Club.) McLaughlin's admiration of the poet is enhanced by the fact that he grew up in Dawson. So, he says, "I know that what Service was writing about is what the Yukon really is."

Canada is not the only place in which the spirit of Service flourishes. For the past two years, hundreds of visitors from throughout Britain and North America have attended a commemorative black-tie dinner in his childhood hometown of Kilwinning, Scotland. Similar events have been held in California and Lancieux, the town in Brittany where Service had his summer villa. With their toasts and recitations, these events resemble traditional (Robert) Burns suppers. Having an annual supper in your honour: that's immortality!

—R.S.

soft refrain / Tap-tapping on my window pane." The Services celebrated Christmas 1940 with relatives in that city, then left for Hollywood.

They fell into a routine of spending their winters in California and summers in British Columbia. He may or may not have flown to Dawson to visit his old haunts—the record is murky on this score—but in 1942 Germaine and Iris went by coastal steamer, train, and riverboat to the nearly deserted former gold rush capital. Back in Hollywood, he took up broadcasting and public speaking, and entertained American troops at USO shows with recitations of his ballads. He played himself in a cameo performance opposite Marlene Dietrich in Universal Pictures' *The Spoilers* in 1942.

During the war he wrote *Ploughman of the Moon*, following it up in 1948 with his second autobiographical volume, *Harper of Heaven*. By then he was living the life of a millionaire writer in Monte Carlo among neighbours like W. Somerset Maugham. He continued to crank out books of light verse until he was into his eighties. His later works showed a contented man who heartily appreciated his good luck. Just before his final birthday in 1958, he wrote a few lines to his New York publisher on the back of a snapshot of himself that were quintessentially Service: "Alas! My Belly is concave / My locks are no longer wavy; / But though I've one foot in the grave / The other's in the gravy."

Service seemed to attract royalty. Princess Grace of Monaco was a fan and friend of his in Monte Carlo. When Queen Marie of Romania buried the "uncrowned king" of that country, Klondike Joe Boyle, she had his tombstone inscribed with appropriate lines from Service's "The Law of the Yukon." The Duke of Edinburgh quoted him in his speeches, and the Queen Mother and Ronald Reagan once tried to top each other reciting his verse. But his work was loved on every strata of society, starting with the working people he so patently admired. "No other poet, save Burns, has enjoyed such a wide appeal with the common man," as James Mackay wrote. At the end of his long, incredible life, Robert Service was probably the best-read poet of the twentieth century.

Robert Stewart is a Montreal writer and author of *Sam Steele, Lion of the Frontier*, published in 1999 by Centax Books.

et cetera

Vagabond of Verse: Robert Service, A Biography by James Mackay. Mainstream Publishing, Edinburgh, 1995.

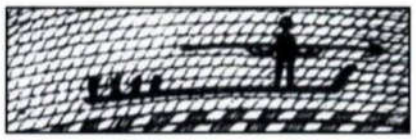
Ploughman of the Moon: An Adventure into Memory by Robert Service. Dodd, Mead, New York, 1945.

Harper of Heaven: A Further Adventure into Memory by Robert Service. Dodd, Mead, New York, 1948.

Biography, poetry, and discussion can be found at the Robert Service home page at <www.robertwservice.com>.

When the massacre began above deck, John Jewitt feared for his life. But what seemed like the end was the beginning – of an unforgettable two-year adventure.

A Slave Among the Nootka



by Graham Chandler

Around noon on March 22, 1803, John Rodgers Jewitt was quietly working below deck on the brigantine *Boston* when he heard bloodcurdling screams overhead. He flew up the stairs, only to be met by a skull-piercing blow from an axe. The hatch slammed shut and latched behind him. Knocked back, he lay stunned and bleeding for what seemed like an eternity. Then the hatch opened. "What a terrific spectacle met my eyes," he later wrote, "six naked savages, standing in a circle around me, covered with the blood of my murdered comrades." Maquinna, the powerful chief of the village of Nootka on the west coast of Vancouver Island near where the *Boston* had landed to replenish wood and water, "led me to the quarter deck, where the most horrid sight presented itself that ever my eyes witnessed – the heads of our unfortunate Captain and his crew, to the number of twenty-five, were all arranged in a line."

That was how, two hundred years ago this month, one of the most bizarre stories in the annals of the West Coast fur trade began. Taken captive by Maquinna to where the village of Yuquot now stands, Jewitt's life had been spared because of his skills as an armourer. He spent the next twenty-eight months as one of the notorious chief's fifty-odd slaves. But there's a bright side to the story, at least for anthropologists. During his captivity, the intelligent and curious Jewitt religiously kept a journal. The only known account of Nootka life before European colonization, when European-Indian relations on the West Coast were strictly focused on trade, the journal is the earliest detailed ethnography of what are today called the Nuu-Chah-Nulth nations of Vancouver Island's west coast. Required reading for students of Northwest Coast anthropology, Jewitt's record reflects methodology now standard for today's cultural anthropology graduate students: live with a culture for two years, learn their language, ask thousands of questions, and record every detail.

But recording an ethnography for the benefit of future anthropologists wasn't the intent of this nineteen-year-old from Lincolnshire on his first sea voyage. Jewitt was the son of a successful blacksmith who, wanting him to have a more professional and learned life than his own, sent him to the best schools he could afford. The young man studied at a fine academy called Donnington, where a teacher named Moses instilled in him a genuine curiosity about life. After Jewitt graduated, his father tried to apprentice him to a surgeon, but the youngster preferred to follow in his footsteps and become a blacksmith. So they moved to Hull as a team, where they found work on marine vessels.

It was here that his chats with sailors stirred the nascent anthropologist in John Jewitt: "The manner and customs of the nations they had seen, excited a strong wish in me to visit foreign countries," he related. He was in luck. Through a contract to copper the hull of the *Boston*, a 240-ton American brigantine fitted for the fur trade, Jewitt and his father got to know her captain, John Salter. At one social evening at the Jewitts' house, Salter said he was impressed with Jewitt's attitude and skills as an armourer, so invited him along on his next voyage, to the northwest coast of North America.

The *Boston* loaded a cargo of English cloth, blankets, looking glasses, beads, knives, razors, molasses, food, rum, cutlasses, pistols, and three thousand muskets and fowling pieces (light shotguns for shooting birds). On September 3, 1802, Jewitt said a tearful farewell to his father, brother, sister, and stepmother, and stepped up the gangplank. A few hours later the sails caught the wind into the English Channel and the teenager was off to an adventure far beyond those old seamen's yarns.

The freshman sailor was sick for the first few days, but soon gained his sea legs as he set about making daggers, knives, and hatchets in his workshop below decks. Their first leg took twenty-nine days, to St. Catherine on the coast of Brazil, where they replenished water and supplies for the trip around Cape Horn. After thirty-six days rounding the Horn and an uneventful trip up the western coasts of South and North America, they reached Woody Point in Nootka Sound on March 12, 1803. Salter had heard this natural harbour was a prudent place to resupply; further north the natives were considered more ferocious.

The next morning, several cedar dugout canoes came out to the ship, with Chief Maquinna in the lead. Jewitt described his reaction: "As I had never before beheld a savage of any nation, it may readily be supposed that the novelty of their appearance, so different from any people that I had hitherto seen, excited in me strong feelings of surprise and curiosity." In true anthropologist fashion, he wrote down every detail, summarizing Maquinna as having "an air of savage magnificence."

Captain Salter invited Maquinna and his chiefs aboard to dine with him and his officers, an act shunned by British traders but part of the friendly approach the Americans took to doing business. The locals seemed to behave cordially toward the crew, showing interest and fascination with the

workings of the ship – especially Jewitt's forge and blacksmithing operation. The skipper responded with gifts, including a splendid double-barrelled fowling piece for Maquinna.

The morning the crew was readying for departure, Maquinna came onboard with his gun, claiming that one of its locks was broken. Inexplicably, Captain Salter "was very much offended at this observation, considering it a mark of contempt for his present, and called the king [Maquinna] a liar." Nevertheless, Jewitt fixed the gun, and Maquinna, repressing his anger over Salter's behaviour, went ashore with his men. Unbeknownst to Salter, the stage was set.

Next morning some locals came out for a seemingly innocuous visit – just socializing on deck. Around noon, Maquinna came alongside with "a considerable number of his chiefs and men." They were admitted onboard. Jewitt's keen powers of observation were apparent: he immediately noticed something different with Maquinna. The chief "had a whistle in his hand, and over his face a very ugly mask of wood representing the head of some wild beast." They did some dances to the tune of the whistle. Jewitt, however, went below deck to his shop.

The next thing he heard was the commotion of the fateful massacre on the decks above him. Jewitt discovered afterward that Maquinna had planned to take him alive. On the blood-soaked deck, Maquinna asked Jewitt if he would be his slave, fix his muskets, and make daggers and knives for him, all to which the shaken Jewitt was careful to answer yes. With the help of some of the natives, he was ordered to weigh anchor and sail the *Boston* about eight kilometres up the coast, where they ran ashore at Friendly Cove. There Jewitt received curious attention and pampering by the village women, especially Maquinna's nine wives. That night, while trying to sleep, Jewitt was approached by Maquinna, who told him about a survivor on the ship who should be put to death. Jewitt pleaded, saying the man was his father, and on his knees implored Maquinna to spare the man's life.

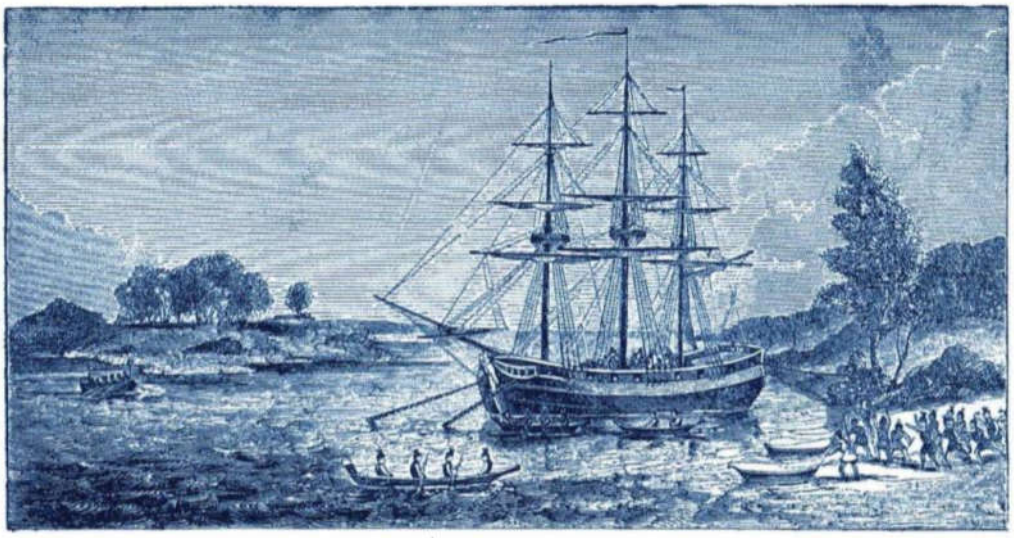
In saving the sailmaker John Thompson, Jewitt now had a companion for his incarceration. Although Thompson was a crudely spoken and illiterate sailor who held the savages and their ways in great contempt, Jewitt would now have "a Christian and one of my own countrymen for a companion."

The villagers went to work plundering the ship, most of the booty being deposited in Maquinna's capacious house. Jewitt managed to salvage a blank account book to use as a journal, and a Bible and prayer book.

His pick of the booty complete, Maquinna threw a potlatch to legitimize ownership of his two new slaves. Jewitt and Thompson watched elaborate dances, which the former recorded in detail. A few nights later an errant native accidentally set the ship afire while "illegally" looting the ship. Jewitt despaired. He thought he'd have years' worth of provisions in the salted meats aboard; instead he'd have to learn to eat the local foods.

COURTESY HILARY STEWART

Born in Boston, England, in 1783, John Rodgers Jewitt was a nineteen-year-old armourer aboard the American fur-trading ship *Boston* when his shipmates were slaughtered by Nootka chief Maquinna. Jewitt was met with an axe-blow to the head (note the scar depicted on his forehead), but was spared by Maquinna, who covetted his blacksmith skills. Jewitt kept a journal of his time on Vancouver Island, which he published after his rescue. He died in Hartford, Connecticut, at age thirty-seven of causes unstated, though possibly related to his earlier head wound.



The Ship Boston Taken by the Savages at Nootka Sound, frontispiece from *Narrative of the Adventures and Sufferings of John R. Jewitt, Only Survivor of the Crew of the Ship Boston, During a Captivity of Nearly 3 Years Among the Savages of Nootka Sound: With an Account of the Manners, Mode of Living, and Religious Opinions of the Natives,* published in 1851.

as best he could, Jewitt always hoped for rescue. He despaired at facing a lifetime with this strange culture.

Jewitt gradually did learn to enjoy the foods and how to harvest them. As the months went by, he recovered fully from his wounds and developed a close relationship with Maquinna and his chiefs. To satisfy his continuing curiosity and to make the best of his capture, he decided to learn their language. He tried to convince Thompson to do the same, but "he refused, saying, that he hated both them and their cursed lingo and would have nothing to do with it." Slowly mastering the language, over time he came to learn their ways. He even asked if he could go whaling with them, but Maquinna refused, afraid he might escape.

But despite enjoying the experience as best he could, Jewitt always hoped for rescue. He despaired at facing a lifetime with this strange culture. He related: "Our fears lest no ship would come to our release, and that we should never more behold a Christian country, were to us a source of constant pain." He and Thompson took refuge in their belief in God, reading passages from the Bible and reciting prayers with the guidance of their salvaged prayer book. For the Sabbath, they chose a quiet spot where they would be left alone, on "a fresh water pond, about a mile from the village ... under a beautiful pine." The lake is now called Jewitt Lake.

Ships occasionally passed, but none called. On September 3, nearing the end of their first summer of capture, the entire village packed up in canoes and paddled to their winter grounds, a place they called Tashees. Now called Tahsis, it's a haven from winter storms about twenty kilometres up Tahsis Inlet. Jewitt made the best of the isolation and occupied himself with observing and writing about preparations for winter.

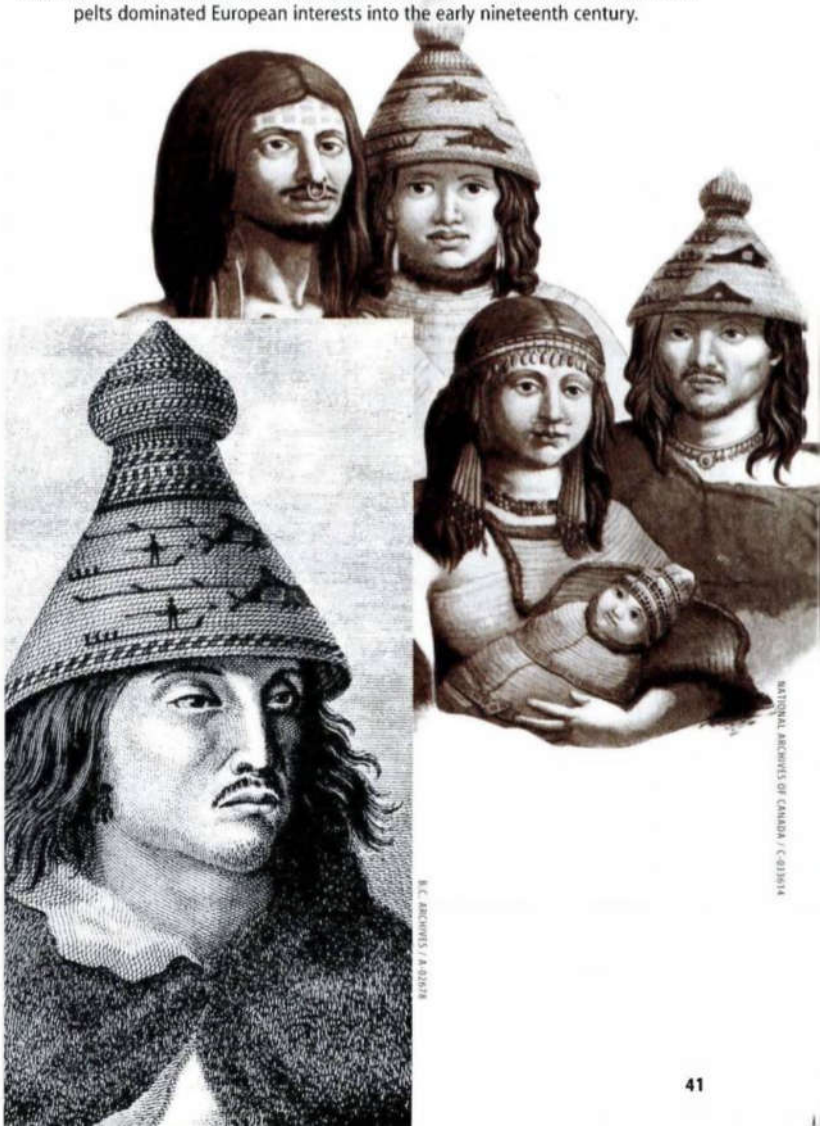
Maquinna had seen Jewitt filling his book over the months. Clearly fed up, he demanded that Jewitt cease writing and threatened to burn the journal. He was afraid Jewitt was penning seditious things, anecdotes that might incriminate him. But Jewitt sensed Maquinna was not being mean; he was just uneasy. The chief confided in him about the harsh treatment natives had received at the hands of some earlier traders. Jewitt commiserated. Conscious of both sides' viewpoints, he recognized how easy it was to generalize about race and colour.

By the second week of December, summer and fall gathering complete, the festive season got into full swing with its special ceremonies and dances. For the first, seven days long, Jewitt and Thompson were sent away from the village. On their return the two witnessed some shocking spectacles, including dances by young men with spears thrust painfully through their sides. Jewitt wrote of neighbouring tribes paddling from up and down the coast to join in.

On February 25, after Jewitt's first winter with the tribe, the village again loaded up the canoes and returned to Nootka for the fishing and whaling season. Maquinna and his men were particularly pleased with Jewitt at this time. The steel harpoons he made were vastly superior to their own traditional weapons of bone and stone. Jewitt never relaxed his writing. His fine account turned to the sacred abstinence and continence the men had to endure before beginning the whale hunt.

Inhabitants of Nootka, British Columbia,
etching by Gallo Gallina (1796–1874).

The Nootka, known today as the Nuu-chah-nulth First Nation, once consisted of dozens of groups on the west coast of Vancouve Island speaking dialects of the same language and sharing similar cultural characteristics. Today, about sixteen groups remain. Recorded contact dates from Spanish exploration in 1774. Trade in sea otter pelts dominated European interests into the early nineteenth century.



B.C. ARCHIVES / A-02678

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-033014

Maquinna (right) was a pivotal figure in Nootka Sound on the west coast of Vancouver Island during the early years of European contact. After James Cook visited the area in 1778, Nootka Sound became critical to the fur trade, and Maquinna brokered in deals with both Spanish and English forces who asserted claims over the area. Because the name Maquinna was (and is) held by successive Nootka chiefs, it's unclear whether the Maquinna who met Cook is the same one who captured John Jewitt.

While the men were away, those left behind began to taunt and insult the two white sailors. Morale was at a low ebb, exacerbated by poor salmon harvests, which had reduced meals to one a day. Jewitt felt their own situation deteriorating. Soon the scarcity of food, together with a need to settle some old scores, prompted Maquinna to talk of a raid on a village down the coast. Jewitt was asked to make new daggers for the men, which he did. Then, according to his narrative, he accompanied the party in a dawn raid.

Through their entire second summer, no European ships called. Dejectedly, Jewitt and Thompson again moved with the village to their Tashees winter grounds. Seeing the probability of any more ships arriving as near nil, Maquinna announced on their arrival at Tashees that Jewitt would become a permanent member of the tribe by marrying. Despite being offered his choice of bride, Jewitt resisted. But Maquinna insisted. If he refused, he and Thompson would be put to death. "Reduced to this sad extremity," Jewitt wrote, "with death on the one side, and matrimony on the other, I thought proper to choose what appeared to be the least of the two evils, and consent to be married."

The next morning he, Maquinna, and fifty men paddled to a village he called A-i-tiz-art with cloth, muskets, and other goods with which to purchase a bride. During the arrival ceremonies, a chief's comely daughter caught Jewitt's eye. A slave marrying a chief's daughter was unusual, but in a measure of the reverence in which Jewitt was held, Maquinna allowed it. After a spate of bartering, the crew was soon paddling home with the betrothed. They married, but despite being well pleased with his nubile young wife, he wrote shortly afterwards, "I cannot but view this connection as a chain that was to bind me to this savage land." As if to reinforce those sentiments, Maquinna ordered him and Thompson to stop wearing European clothing and conform to tribal dress.

On February 20, 1805 – nearly two years after captivity – the tribe again returned to its summer digs at Nootka. Less than a month later, Jewitt fell seriously ill. In a strange turn of events, Maquinna allowed that if the sickness was caused by his wife, she could be returned to her village. To escape the forced marriage, Jewitt immediately took up the offer, and the tearful bride was on her way back to her father's.

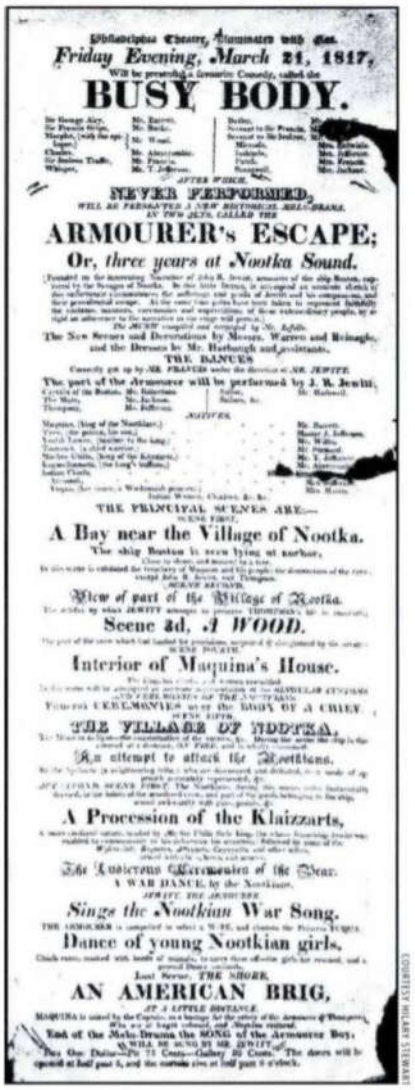
Throughout his incarceration – increasingly so during the next few months – Jewitt wrote letters and passed them to visiting villagers with instructions to deliver them to any ship's captain, in the hope that they might soon be rescued. One or two of these made it.

On the morning of July 19, Jewitt was working at his forge when he heard three cannon shots from the direction of the ocean. Villagers were running around shouting *Weena, weena, Mamethlee*. ("Strangers, white men.") Jewitt was elated, but he kept his cool and feigned disinterest, not wanting Maquinna to suspect he might be happy to leave.

The chiefs held an impromptu council. Here was the first ship to call since the massacre. But they all wanted more trade goods. Options ranged from killing Jewitt and Thompson and denying the whole affair, to moving them inland until the ship left. Jewitt had another idea: he would write a letter to the captain of the *Lydia* absolving Maquinna and his troop of the entire affair, saying that they had been treated fairly and that trade would be okay.

They accepted the idea. But Jewitt wrote something different. Ever cautious, Maquinna scrutinized Jewitt's face "with a piercing eye," as Jewitt described it. "You no lie?" he said. Jewitt must have been a brilliant actor. Maquinna's suspicions were allayed. In truth, however, the letter suggested that Maquinna be allowed onboard but to take him prisoner to barter for the release of Jewitt and Thompson. When this happened, the villagers threatened to kill the two, but Jewitt wasn't worried – as long as their king was held hostage, no harm would come to them. The prisoner exchange was pulled off without a hitch, testimony to Jewitt's in-depth knowledge of Maquinna and the Nootka people.

Jewitt and Thompson were taken onboard. They


Philadelphia Theatre, Chestnut Street.
Friday Evening, March 21, 1817,
Will be presented a favourite Comedy, called the
BUSY BODY.
NEVER PERFORMED,
WILL BE PRESENTED A NEW HISTORICAL MELO-DRAMA,
IN TWO ACTS, CALLED THE
ARMOURER's ESCAPE;
Or, three years at Nootka Sound.
The Scenes and Decorations by Messrs. Warren and Reinagle, and the Dresses by Mr. Harbaugh and assistants.
THE DANCES
The part of the Armourer will be performed by J. B. Jewitt,
NATIVES.
THE PRINCIPAL SCENES ARE—
SCENE FIRST.
A Bay near the Village of Nootka.
The ship Boston is seen lying at anchor,
SCENE SECOND.
View of part of the Village of Nootka.
Scene 3d, A WOOD.
SCENE FOURTH.
Interior of Maquina's House.
CEREMONIES over the BODY OF A CHIEF.
SCENE FIFTH.
THE VILLAGE OF NOOTKA,
An attempt to attack the Boston.
A Procession of the Klaizzarts,
The Warlike Ceremonies of the Bear.
A WAR DANCE, by the Nootkans.
Sings the Nootkian War Song.
Dance of young Nootkian girls,
Last Scene, THE SHORE,
AN AMERICAN BRIG,
AT A LITTLE DISTANCE.
End of the Melo-Drama the SONG of the Armourer Boy.
Doors to be opened at half past 5, and the curtain rise at half past 6 o'clock.
COURTESY HILARY STARMER

After producing his *Narrative* – an account of his enforced sojourn with the aboriginal peoples of Vancouver Island's west coast – Jewitt collaborated on a dramatization of his adventures, *The Armourer's Escape; Or, three years at Nootka Sound*, which opened at the Philadelphia Theatre on March 21, 1817. Through seven scenes complete with props, costume changes, and dancers, Jewitt recreated his tale in word and song.

sailed up and down the coast for a few months with the *Lydia* as the crew conducted its business, then called again at Nootka. On the return visit, respect reigned, and Jewitt learned he had a son. The *Lydia* sailed on to China and back to Boston, Massachusetts, in the summer of 1807, where his journal was published. Jewitt spent two years promoting it, married, and moved to Connecticut, where the couple's first child was born. In March 1815, in collaboration with Connecticut writer Richard Alsop, he published an expanded chronicle on his experiences with the Nootka, the title of which is known in abbreviated form as the *Narrative*.

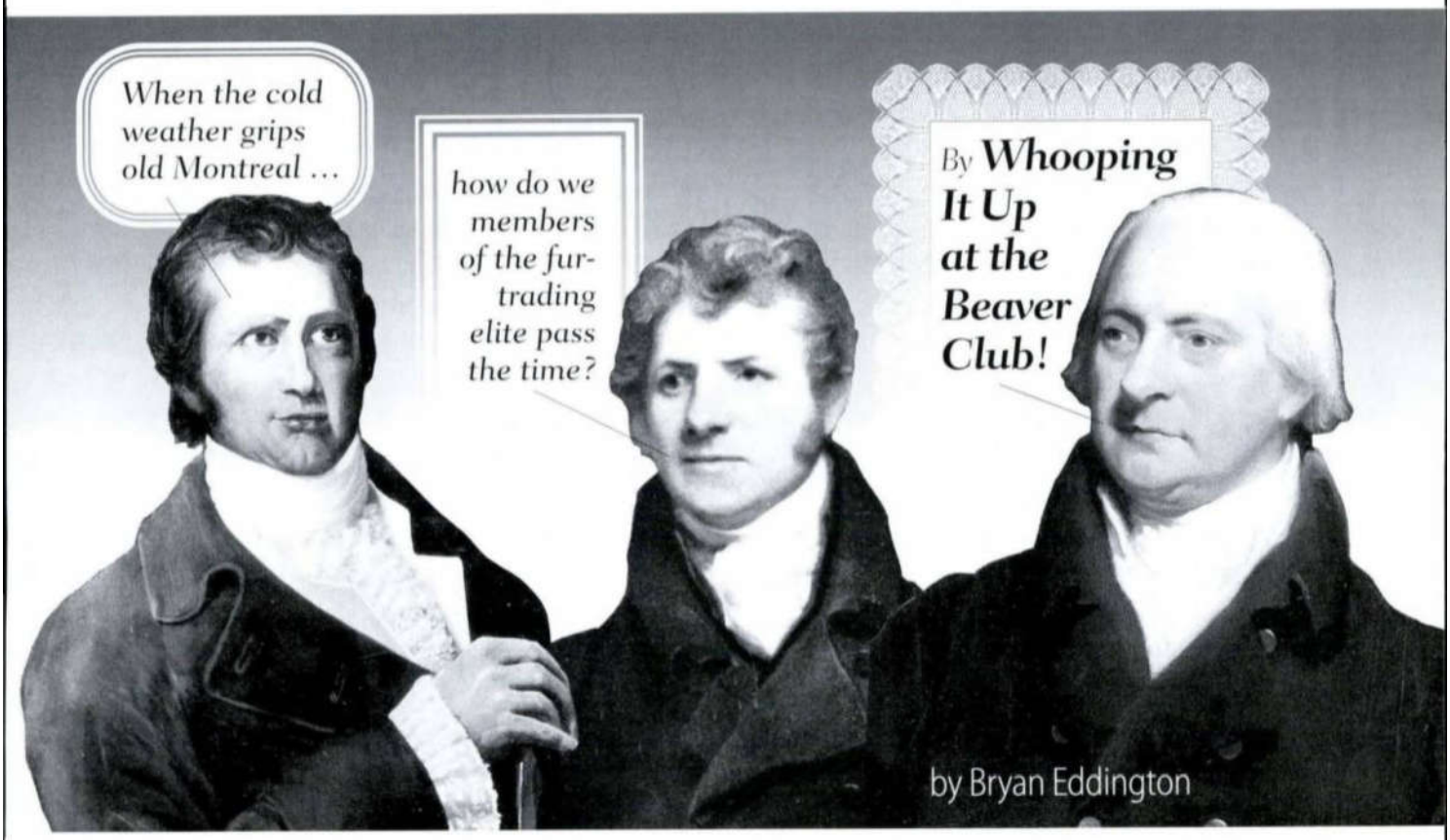
"Jewitt's *Narrative* follows the journal closely but it's more descriptive," says author Hilary Stewart, who researched and wrote an award-winning book on Jewitt in 1987. But she says she found the journal more interesting. "You can read between the lines, detecting things people didn't write about in those times," she says. "For example, I think he had an affair with one of Maquinna's wives."

Jewitt went on to perform stage dramas of his Nootka adventures, but wrote to his wife about continuing pain in his head "right in the place where I was wounded." On January 7, 1821, Jewitt died at the age of thirty-seven, of unstated causes. His legacy is a prize in the world of anthropology.

Graham Chandler is a Calgary writer.

et cetera

The Adventures and Sufferings of John R. Jewitt, Captive of Maquinna, **annotated and illustrated by Hilary Stewart. Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver, 1987.**


When the cold weather grips old Montreal ...
how do we members of the fur-trading elite pass the time?
By Whooping It Up at the Beaver Club!
by Bryan Eddington

Sir Alexander Mackenzie, honoured as the first man to cross North America by land, sat blearily eyeing the respected head of the North West Company, William McGillivray.

McGillivray pushed a bottle of wine across the table to Mackenzie for a last toast, and slowly slid to the floor. Mackenzie silently joined him.

It was 1797 and, yet again, members of the Beaver Club in Montreal had drunk, feasted, and whooped themselves into unconsciousness. It was winter. In Montreal, once the St. Lawrence froze, fur traders had little to do. No supplies or furs could arrive. So, to make the long, cold season enjoyable, they partied, drank, and dined.

Heavy drinking was common in Canada as Lieutenant George Thomas Landmann discovered: "I had not been twenty-four hours at Montreal before I was invited to dine every day in succession during a week or ten days. ... After many days of feasting and hard drinking I was engaged ... to dine with Sir Alexander

Photos from the Beaver Collection.

Previous page, from left: Among the many illustrious members of the Beaver Club was Alexander Mackenzie, whose epic journeys between 1789 and 1793 made him the first European to cross the North American continent north of Mexico. Scottish-born, he became a partner in the North West Company in 1787, resigning twelve years later after disagreements with its senior partner, Simon McTavish.

William McGillivray, encouraged into the fur trade by his uncle, Simon McTavish, became chief director of the North West Company in 1804 after McTavish's death.

Simon McTavish, a key figure in the establishment of the North West Company, is not known to have travelled west of Lake Superior and thus was technically barred from membership in the Beaver Club. But he was a force to be reckoned with in Montreal business circles and so he was eventually allowed in.

Mackenzie and William McGillivray."

But for leading members of the North West Company, which traded for furs in Canada's Northwest and shipped them across the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, this was not enough. They yearned to relive the rough winters they'd spent in the north, share tall tales with others who'd been there.

So, in 1785, they founded the Beaver Club.

Of the nineteen original members, eight were French Canadians, three were English, two were American, and six were Scots. With guests welcomed to the Beaver Club feasts, the numbers could double.

The basic rule for eligibility was that a member had to have spent at least one winter in the north – specifically, north of Fort William.

Unfortunately this prevented Simon McTavish, head of the North West Company and leader of Montreal society, from becoming a member. McTavish could be so autocratic and powerful that he was nicknamed the Marquis, but he had never been further west than Grand Portage on Lake Superior. He wasn't allowed to join until seven years later.

Earlier records are missing but those for 1805 show the club's membership included almost all leading Nor'Westers who had opted for a comfortable life in Montreal where they could build mansions and live like lairds. Members of the Beaver Club included, in addition to William McGillivray and Sir Alexander Mackenzie, longtime partners such as Roderic McKenzie, Duncan McGillivray, and Simon Fraser.

These men could join in a Beaver Club feast every two weeks. And perhaps that was as much as even their constitutions could stand.

The proceeding at these fortnightly meetings began with rituals.

The calumet (peace pipe) was passed and five toasts were mandatory: To the mother of all saints; the king; the fur trade in all its branches; voyageurs, wives and children; absent members. A guest in 1817, John Palmer, wrote that native manners, customs, and even language were imitated, but it seems likely that, as wine bottles emptied, Scottish accents and French speech predominated.

As the wine flowed, horseplay took over, with tables as much for walking on as sitting at. It is said inebriated members even sat themselves in single file and used anything at hand to paddle as if they were in a birchbark canoe.

Accounts for a dinner held September 17, 1808, show that thirty-two members and guests drained 29 bottles of Madeira, 19 bottles of port, 14 bottles of porter (a kind of dark beer), and 12 quarts of ale.

The medal worn at Beaver Club dinners by one of the original club members, fur-trade magnate James McGill, whose wealth founded McGill University. The date – 1766 – shows when he first wintered north of Superior. Medals worn by French members were inscribed *Coterie du Castor.*

In 1797, seventeen-year-old Lieutenant Landmann was invited to a Beaver Club feast that he later recorded when he was a colonel:

> *In those days we dined at four o'clock, and after taking a satisfactory quantity of wine, perhaps a bottle each, married men … and some others retired, leaving about a dozen to drink to their health. We now began in right earnest and true Highland style, and at four o'clock in the morning the whole of us had arrived at such a degree of perfection that all could give the war-whoop as well as Mackenzie and McGillivray, we could all sing admirably, we could all drink like fishes, and we all thought we could dance on the table without disturbing a single decanter, glass or plate with which it was profusely covered, but on making the experiment we discovered it was a complete delusion, and ultimately we broke all the plates, glasses, bottles, and the table also. … I was afterwards informed that one hundred and twenty bottles of wine had been consumed at our convivial meeting but I should think a great deal had been spilt and wasted.*

Distinguished guests at the Beaver Club dinners included Edward, Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father; American fur-trade millionaire John Jacob Astor; the governor general, Lord Dalhousie; and General Isaac Brock, as well as veterans of the War of 1812, General Gordon Drummond and General Roger Hale Sheaffe, who had taken command at the Battle of Queenston Heights when Brock was shot. Even Lord Selkirk, head of the rival Hudson's Bay Company, was a guest at least once.

It seems the Beaver Club closed its doors in 1825, but just two years later Governor Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company urged that it be revived. Ten members of the original club welcomed three new ones, including Governor Simpson, who showed his autocratic leanings by inviting eight guests to a dinner – three more than was allowed.

This dinner, on March 5, 1827, was the last Beaver Club gathering, and thirty-two members and guests consumed 46 bottles of Madeira and port, 14 of porter, and 8 of cider.

We can be sure feasting continued elsewhere in frozen Montreal, and no doubt those who had wintered in the north continued to tell tall tales, sing boisterous voyageur songs, and paddle imaginary canoes.

And doubtless they toasted an increasing number of absent members.

Bryan Eddington is a Thunder Bay writer.

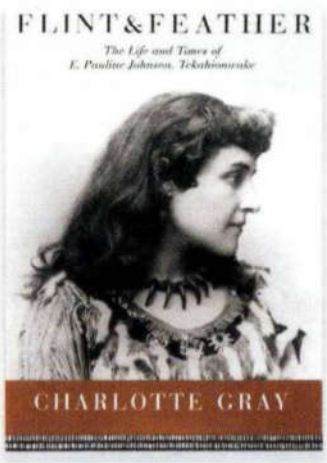
Reviews

Featured Books

■ **Flint & Feather: The Life and Times of E. Pauline Johnson, Tekahionwake**
by Charlotte Gray
HarperFlamingo, Toronto, 2002
438 pp., illus., $37.95 hardcover

■ **Erikson, Eskimos & Columbus**
by James Robert Enterline
Johns Hopkins University Press, Baltimore and London, 2002
342 pp., illus., $69.50

Indian Poetess



In 1893, on a steamship bound to New York, the celebrated Canadian poet, Pauline Johnson, the "Indian Poetess," sat next to an intrigued American woman.

"Was your father a real wild Indian?" the woman demanded.

"Yes," said Miss Johnson.

"Well excuse me, you don't look a thing like that."

"Was your father a real white man?" asked the poet.

"Of course he was."

"Excuse me," said Miss Johnson, "but I'm equally surprised."

This little exchange represents the sum total of E. Pauline Johnson's anger. Nowhere in four (now five) biographies, does a more deliberately insulting word escape from her lips. This does not mean she was a slave to polite Victorian ladyhood; instead it underscores her kindness, her love of friendship, of making new friends and, finally, the remarkable generosity that she managed to elevate into a redemptive force.

A similar generosity propels Charlotte Gray's new biography, ***Flint & Feather: The Life and Times of E. Pauline Johnson, Tekahionwake***. It presents the familiar tale of female beauty, the woman alone, the vagaries of love, and a poet's improbable attempt to embody the "white" and "red" race in her own person. Given that much of Miss Johnson's letters and diaries were burnt by her sister, biographers are left precious little room to stray from the known story.

Nonetheless one of the notable strayings ventured by Charlotte Gray is to impute to Johnson a full-blooded sexual passion, a matter-of-fact eroticism that lays to rest the old-maid prudishness that hovers around her. The poet's earlier boast to her girlfriends that she had never allowed a man to touch even "her hand" is excluded here in favour of a constant stream of young beaux. Miss Johnson, it seems, had an eye for younger men in particular. Her charm was not wasted on them.

Her story is also a story of death by cancer. This death unfolds on the second floor of a rented house in Vancouver in 1912, and is rendered as intimately as the reader can tolerate. Misery presses misery; a dying Pauline is besieged by an unstable, vindictive sister who plants herself next to her sick bed and engages in screaming fights with her. She suffers the death of even her beloved cat, which is killed by a dog. There is morphine and doctor's visits, stabbing pains, recoveries, and relapses. To read Gray's heartbreaking account of this passing is to experience one woman's sympathy for another, a biographer's sound identification with her subject, and to feel it ourselves – the sad, painful end to a compassionate giantess who stood five foot two on her toes, and at her death weighed scarcely eighty pounds.

At long last this book also sheds light on the unsavory side of the Indian Poetess phenomenon. Born to a strict Scottish mother on the richest, most Europeanized Indian reserve in Canada, Pauline never played with Mohawk children, never learned a native language, or had, until the very end, a native friend. As a child she lived in a mansion, her meals were brought to her by servants on silver trays. In order to appear a convincing "Indian" on stage, she was forced, pathetically, to order an Indian outfit from the Hudson's Bay Company in Winnipeg – the first time in her life she had ever worn native garments. In an attempt to bolster her career, she wooed Canada's most powerful racist, the odious Duncan Campbell Scott. Constantly broke, she wheeled and dealed her Indian "curios" with the relish of a pawnbroker. "A Hiawatha League (wampum belt)" was, she said, worth $1,600, "but I would accept much less for it." These irreplaceable artifacts she offered to any buyer she could find. Tragically she became a publicity doll for the same Canadian nationalism that was tearing native

New books by Canadians

Antarctica..."to a lonely land I know."
by Ken Pawson
ISBN 0-9681675-1-9, trade paperback $28

The Canadian Inuit Dog: Canada's Heritage (2nd edition)
by Geneviève Montcombroux
ISBN 0-9681675-2-7, trade paperback $28

Whippoorwill Press
Box 206, Inwood, MB R0C 1P0
www.whippoorwillpress.com
info@whippoorwillpress.com

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS JOURNALS

The Canadian Historical Review

The Canadian Historical Review

Your Guide to Canada, Past and Present

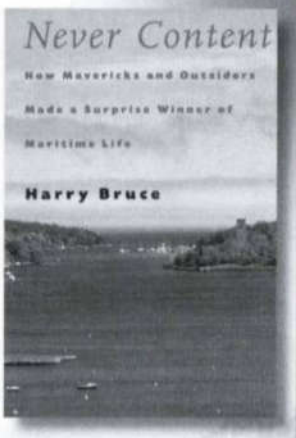
- Relevant, insightful articles
- Authoritative research
- Comprehensive book reviews

SUBSCRIBE TODAY!
web: www.utpjournals.com/chr
tel: 416-667-7810
UTP

The homegrown alternative, the outsider, the upstart, the victor.

Never Content
How Mavericks and Outsiders Made A Surprise Winner of Maritime Life
by Harry Bruce

"This book is a must for proud Maritimers and anyone looking for insight into how a company can overcome challenges related to location, distance and size to emerge as a national competitor."
—Hon. Michael J.L.Kirby, Senate of Canada



Now available!
At bookstores everywhere

KEY PORTER BOOKS

Blockades and Resistance
Studies in Actions of Peace and the Temagami Blockades of 1988-89
Bruce W. Hodgins, Ute Lischke, and David T. McNab, editors
Cloth $45.00 • 0-88920-381-4
Aboriginal Studies series
This study of Aboriginal resistance focuses on Temagami and provides an analysis of the contemporary aspects of resistance and the roots of the Aboriginal people's movements in Canada.

Freedom to Play
We Made Our Own Fun
Norah L. Lewis, editor
Paper $24.95 • 29 b/w photos
0-88920-406-3 • Studies in Childhood and Family in Canada series
An exploration of play during a simpler time. Lewis provides an entertaining view of toys and games from 1900 through 1955.

Chasing the Comet
A Scottish-Canadian Life
Patricia Koretchuk
Paper $29.95 • 0-88920-407-1 • Life Writing series
A memoir that challenges preconceptions about working people and immigrants' lives.

VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT **www.wlupress.wlu.ca**
WLU **Wilfrid Laurier University Press**
Phone: 519-884-0710 ext. 6124 • Fax: 519-725-1399 • Email: press@wlu.ca

children from their families and forcing them into the horrors of the residential school. She was dimly aware of it. "I am slave to money," she wrote, "doll of the people." When she sobs melodramatically to Ernest Thompson Seton, "never let anyone call me a *white woman*," she comes close to being a pathetic figure.

In the end, however, Pauline Johnson must be honoured for her courage, her minute attentiveness to friendship, her making of new friends and keeping them, and for the endless and gracious notes of thank you, the countless efforts to stay in touch. This was rewarded during those painful days when her life was being consumed. In the time of her greatest need she was not alone, she did not want for loving friends of both sexes, of varying ages. Men trudged dirty boots across her room, told bawdy stories, and made her laugh. Women held her while she wept with pain. Critic Theodore Watts-Dunton had it right when he said that with Pauline Johnson "gratitude ... was not a sentiment merely ... but a veritable passion."

Charlotte Gray's book brims with it.

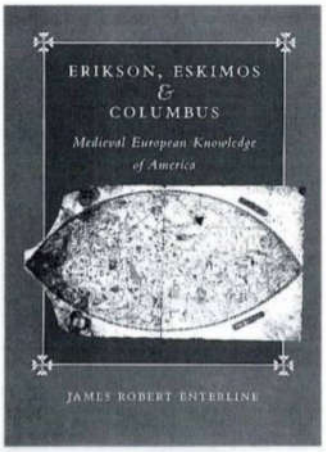
Reviewed by **Peter Unwin**, author of *The Rock Farmers* and *Nine Bells For A Man*. His latest work, *The Wolf's Head*, a creative nonfictional look at Lake Superior, is scheduled for publication by Penguin Canada in fall 2003.

Map Mystery

Erikson, Eskimos & Columbus is a book about ancient maps, and how they might be interpreted to shed light on early European knowledge of North America. Maps are valuable historical documents, encoding vast amounts of information. But the creation of maps, and their selective preservation through the centuries, has involved a complex of factors that make these documents much more difficult to interpret than are written texts. James Robert Enterline combines a comprehensive knowledge of early European maps and charts with a questioning mind, and is willing to investigate what he admits are outlandish theories regarding the information included in some of these documents. The result is a very eccentric book,

and one which is difficult to review.

In 1427 Claudius Clavus, a Danish scholar who resided in Rome and was considered a leading authority on the North, produced a map of the northern regions of the world. While England, Ireland, and Denmark are recognizable, the Scandinavian Peninsula (Norway and Sweden) is portrayed as an oddly shaped configuration protruding westward towards Iceland and Greenland. Did this pattern arise from Clavus's imagination, or from his misunderstanding of incomplete information? Enterline proposes the latter, and suggests what he aptly terms an outrageous hypothesis: that the form of the Scandinavian Peninsula derived from an outline map of Alaska's Seward Peninsula. He suggests that this map was drawn by Inuit natives of the Bering Strait area who migrated eastwards to Arctic Canada or Greenland; here the map came into the hands of medieval Norse Greenlanders who passed it on to Europeans. By the time it came into Clavus's hands it had lost all record of its origins, and since it came to him from Norway he assumed it to be a map of Norway.



What are the odds of such a hypothesis having any relation to reality? First, while the medieval Norse did not make maps, the Inuit traditionally transmitted information on travel routes and hunting areas through drawing the outlines of coasts, rivers, and other features on snow or wood. When provided pen and paper by European explorers, traditional Inuit were capable of constructing surprisingly comprehensive outline maps of the local regions with which they were familiar. Secondly, current archaeological evidence suggests that ancestral Inuit moved rapidly eastward from Alaska to Canada and Greenland at some time during the twelfth or thirteenth centuries A.D., and that there they soon came into contact with the Greenlandic Norse. Beyond these basic facts one is left with conjecture on the statistical likelihood of a very specific conjuncture of events having occurred: of one or more Inuit travelling approximately five thousand kilometres eastward while retaining in their minds the coastal configuration of their Alaskan homeland; of their meeting with Greenlandic Norse and for some reason drawing this outline on parchment; of this map being brought or sent to Scandinavia, and thence transmitted southwards to come into the possession of Claudius Clavus.

Enterline is a mathematician with statistical training, but he does not assess the probability of this sequence of events having occurred. He does apply a statistical technique to demonstrate the degree of similarity between the Scandinavian and Seward peninsula outlines. But he abandons the attempt as inadequate in comparison with the ability of the human mind to recognize patterns – between things as complex as the individual faces of friends and family or of lines drawn on paper. A version of this innate ability suggests to this reader that – while the map outlines do indeed show a similarity – the probability of chance resemblance is far greater than the probability of indirect transmission of information through the sequence of events described above.

The Seward Peninsula example is not the only, or the earliest, such transmission proposed by the author. Enterline postulates a stream of geographical information relating to northern North America reaching Europe at various times between the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, through contacts between Inuit and Greenlandic Norse. When this information reached the map-making scholars of southern Europe it was interpreted to refer either to Scandinavia – as in the case of the Clavus maps – or to the lands on the other side of the ocean. In a geography that envisioned the world in terms of a single disk-shaped continent surrounded by ocean, these lands

Researching Your Roots?

Visit our website, shop in person, or call for a free catalogue!

- Genealogy How-to Books and General and Local Histories
- Family History Software & CD's
- 1000's of Maps & Atlases
- Preservation Supplies

1-800-361-5168

GLOBAL

13 Charles St. Milton ON L9T 4S2

http://globalgenealogy.com

New Publication Announcement

On the Trail of Robert Service

GW Lockhart

ISBN 0-946487-24-3
192 pages
$19.95SC + $4 S&H + GST

$19.95

Follow the journeys of the "Bard of the Yukon"

NATURAL HERITAGE BOOKS
Toll-Free 1-800-725-9982
E Mail natherbooks@idirect.com

Wanted

ANTIQUE NATIVE AMERICAN INDIAN ART & ARTIFACTS

We have been appraising and buying Native American Indian Art for over 20 years. We are currenrly buying **old carved items** (masks, bowls, rattles, totem poles, etc.), **beadwork made before 1920** (moccasins, bags, clothing, etc.), **clubs, tomahawks, Indian blankets, baskets, pottery.**
Many other types of objects purchased.

We pay the highest prices with immediate cash payment.

Please send photographs or contact:

Donald Ellis Gallery

RR#3, Dundas, Ontario L9H 5E3
Telephone: 905-648-1837
Fax: 905-648-8711
Email: ellisgal@interlynx.net

west of Greenland were identified with eastern countries described by Marco Polo and other travellers. Eventually this became a part of the knowledge that encouraged Christopher Columbus to cross the Atlantic in search of the Asian coast.

In the opinion of this reviewer, the book fails to demonstrate the identifications of New World locations on medieval maps of the Old World, as well as the influence of this information on subsequent European exploration. It still seems evident that Columbus's voyage was not stimulated by information on the existence of an American continent, but by the mistaken belief that the coast of Asia lay only a few weeks' sail to the west of Spain.

However these deficiencies do not detract from the value of the book as a source of information on medieval and Renaissance geography and the maps produced by the scholars and navigators of the period. The core of the book is devoted to a chronological survey containing summary descriptions of dozens of maps, most illustrated in a legible format. Enterline's questing mind does not neglect problematic information, and provides reasoned and balanced interpretations of potentially valuable documents that are ignored by most surveys. For the reader who wishes a comprehensive introduction to a fascinating subject, guided by an author whose stimulating ideas provide a thought-provoking if not convincing focus, this book is vigorously recommended.

Reviewed by **Robert McGhee**, curator of archaeology at the Canadian Museum of Civilization.

More Books

■ *Muskekowich Athinuwick: Original People of the Great Swampy Land*. By Victor P. Lytwyn

The author provides alternate views to many commonly held perceptions about the Lowland Cree, the aboriginal people of the Hudson Bay Lowlands – primarily, that they were relative newcomers to the area whose culture was destroyed by contact with European fur traders. Recent archaeological findings and oral histories show the Lowland Cree were inhabitants well before the arrival of the Europeans; Lytwyn argues that the fur-trade partnership not only benefited both parties, but strengthened the Cree's traditional social patterns.

University of Manitoba Press: Winnipeg, 2002. 290 pp., illus., $24.95 paper.

■ *Common and Contested Ground: A Human and Environmental History of the Northwestern Plains*. By Theodore Binnema.

The author takes a new approach to ethnohistory, which has traditionally looked at ethnic groups and their culture in isolation. To truly understand the history of the Plains people of North America, he contends, requires a study of the relationships that rose out of trade, warfare, and diplomacy in an area that, because of its rich hunting grounds, was so attractive to so many. Binnema explores the fragile alliances and fierce enmities – between indigenous groups and later, Europeans – from 200 A.D. to 1806.

University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma. 288 pp., illus., $46.50 hardcover.

■ *Wild Daisies in the Sand: Life in a Canadian Internment Camp*. By Tom Sando.

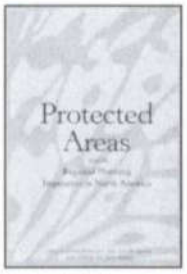
Like most Japanese Canadians of the day, Tom Sando found his life forever altered by the Canadian government's decision to relocate people it thought potentially subversive because of their race. But Sando protested, and was sent farther from West Coast shores to maximum-security prison in Ontario for four years. The diary he kept is a candid first-hand account of a bewildering and frightening experience laced with friendship and hope. Offered the choice at the end of the war to emigrate to Japan, Sando chose, despite the injustice, to remain in the land of his birth.

NeWest Press, Edmonton, 2002. 230 pp., $19.95 paper.

SERIOUSLY**GOOD**READING

Trails & Trials: Markets and Land Use in the Alberta Beef Cattle Industry, 1881-1948
Maxwell L. Foran
1-55238-089-0
$34.95 sc

Eric J. Hanson's Financial History of Alberta, 1905-1950
Eds. Paul Boothe & Heather Edwards
1-55238-090-4
$49.95 hc



Protected Areas and the Regional Planning Imperative in North America
Eds. Gordon Nelson, J.C. Day, Lucy M. Sportza, James Loucky, Carlos Vasquez
1-55238-084-X
$39.95 sc

Shaping the Upper Canadian Frontier: Environment, Society, and Culture in the Trent Valley
Neil S. Forkey
1-55238-049-1
$34.95 hc

As I Remember Them: Childhood in Quebec and Why We Came West
Jeanne-Élise Olsen
Eds. G. Lorraine Oullette and Ian Adam
1-55238-068-8
$24.95 sc

UNIVERSITY OF CALGARY PRESS
the heartland publisher

ucpress@ucalgary.ca

Available from your favourite bookstore or order from
uniPRESSES Tel: 1-877-864-8477 Fax: 1-877-864-4272 Email: orders@gtwcanada.com

Moment

February 19, 1947: First Chinese become Canadian citizens

COURTESY LARRY WONG

CANADA

NUMBER 2058

SERIES A

Certificate of Canadian Citizenship

ISSUED UNDER THE CANADIAN CITIZENSHIP ACT

I, the undersigned, Secretary of State of Canada, do hereby certify and declare that

MARIAN LAURA MAH

whose particulars are endorsed hereon, is a Canadian citizen and that she is entitled to all rights, powers and privileges and subject to all obligations, duties and liabilities to which a natural-born Canadian citizen is entitled or subject.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed the Seal of the Department of the Secretary of State of Canada, this TWENTY-EIGHTH day of MARCH 19 47

TWENTY-EIGHTH MARCH 1947

Four men and three women stand before Chief Justice W.B. Farris in a crowded downtown Vancouver ballroom. The date is February 19, 1947, and the seven are declared Canadian citizens. Though the Chinese have been present in Canada for nearly ninety years, they have never been given citizenship. Louis King, Thomas Koo Chung, Wilf Bing Tong Seto, Donald Sung, Lila Wong, Jean Suey Zee Lee, and Marion Laura Mah are the first.

The initial wave of Chinese, lured by the 1858 gold rush, arrived in British Columbia by way of the gold fields of California. More came in 1880 for the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway line in the precipitous Fraser Canyon. But when their tasks were finished, they were left to scrounge for low-paying jobs. Whites hoped this would discourage the Chinese from staying in the country.

More racial discrimination came with the "head" tax, a proviso of the Chinese Immigration Act passed by the federal government in 1885 that forced Chinese immigrants to pay fifty dollars to enter the country. When the tax didn't completely stop the flow of Chinese, it was raised—to $100 in 1901 and $500 in 1903. The province of British Columbia passed laws, too, forbidding the Chinese to vote. Yet Chinese communities continued to flourish.

The most infamous piece of legislation against the Chinese was the 1923 Chinese Immigration Act, also known as the Chinese Exclusion Act, which revoked the head tax but halted virtually all emigration from China. Passed on July 1, the act led Chinese communities across Canada to greet Dominion Day as "Humiliation Day" by closing their businesses and refusing to partake in celebrations. Protests against the act were to no avail; without the right to vote, the Chinese were powerless.

Many of the Chinese born and educated in Canada found few jobs outside of their community. Some attended universities, obtaining degrees in medicine, law, and accountancy, but their entry into professional societies and the work that followed was barred because citizenship was mandatory.

During the Second World War, Chinese communities across Canada were divided over the issue of going to war. Some maintained that as second-class citizens they must be enfranchised first. "Treat us as equals and we'll be glad to serve," veteran Roy Mah recalls the argument. Others, Mah among them, took the opposing view: "The best way was to join first, fight, come back, then we would have solid credentials to demand our rights."

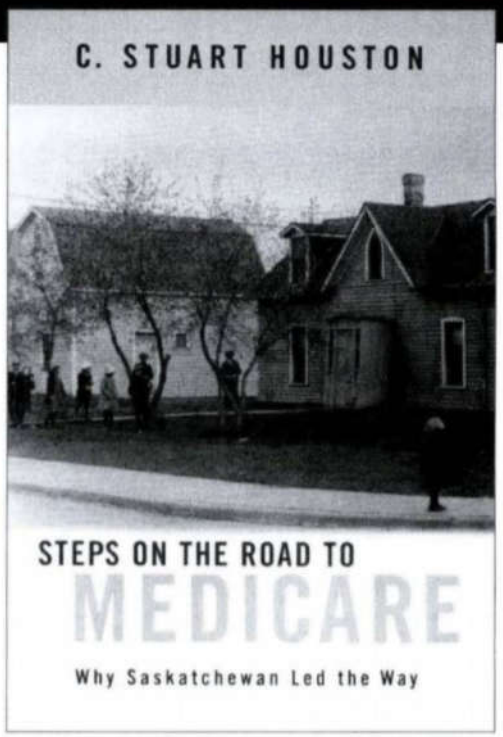
Eventually some six hundred Chinese volunteered to serve their country. At first, most were rejected at recruiting stations, though a few individuals were admitted. Only after the war expanded from Europe to Asia were the Chinese accepted, particularly for their language skills and ability to blend with the local populace to conduct intelligence work. In this atmosphere, public opinion began to change. Two years after the war ended, under political pressure from both inside and outside the Chinese communities, the government repealed the 1923 act.

The seven men and women who became the first Chinese Canadian citizens were veterans from the war, having served with the Canadian Army and the Royal Canadian Air Force. In recognizing their contributions, Justice Farris said to them: "You have earned your right to a citizenship by the part you played in the armed forces of the world war just over. See to it that you retain cognizance of the great responsibility of citizenship."

It was an exciting occasion, but as one of the women commented years later, "I was born and raised in Canada and I asked myself, why do I need a certificate to prove it?"

—Larry Wong

mqup.ca

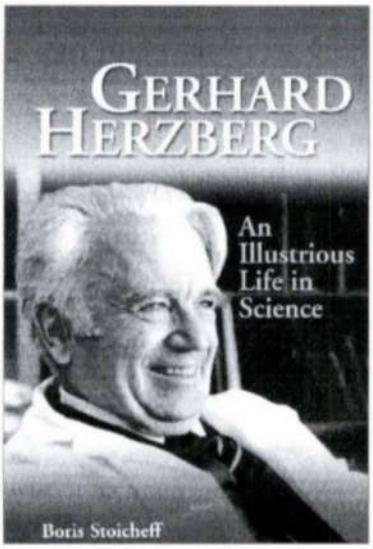


STEPS ON THE ROAD TO MEDICARE

BY STUART HOUSTON

ISBN 0773525505 $22.95

"Steps on the Road to Medicare is a major achievement. It pulls together the history of the development of medicare in Saskatchewan and demonstrates the spirit of innovation that Canada will need to save it." *Allan Blakeney*

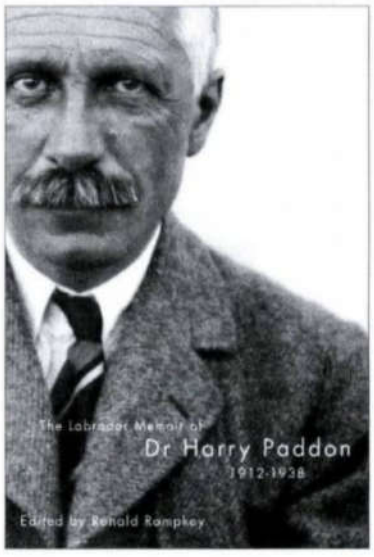


GERHARD HERZBERG
An Illustrious Life in Science

BY BORIS STOICHEFF • ISBN 0-660-18757-4 $49.95

A biography of one of the most influntial scientists in the 20th century and the first Canadian to win the Nobel Prize in Chemistry (1971).

"... it is a masterpiece. Stoicheff [has] brought out beautifully the quiet drama of the life and work of a great scientist and a splendid man. It is a superbly comprehensive and comprehensible work, surely among one of the very best biographies of a scientist ever written." *Dudley Herschbach, Harvard University*



THE LABRADOR MEMOIR OF DR. HARRY PADDON
1912-1938

EDITED BY RONALD ROMPKEY • ISBN 0-7735-2505-X $44.95

"Romantic, adventurer, a doctor who made house calls across hundreds of miles, Harry Paddon belongs to a long-vanished breed. His memoir reveals to readers not just the challenges, from the climatic to the demographic, of pre-Confederation Labrador but also topics as varied as the behaviour of sled-dogs, the origins of beri-beri, and how to survive black flies. All of this is set into context by an exceptional introduction by Ronald Rompkey." *Richard Gwyn, author and columnist*

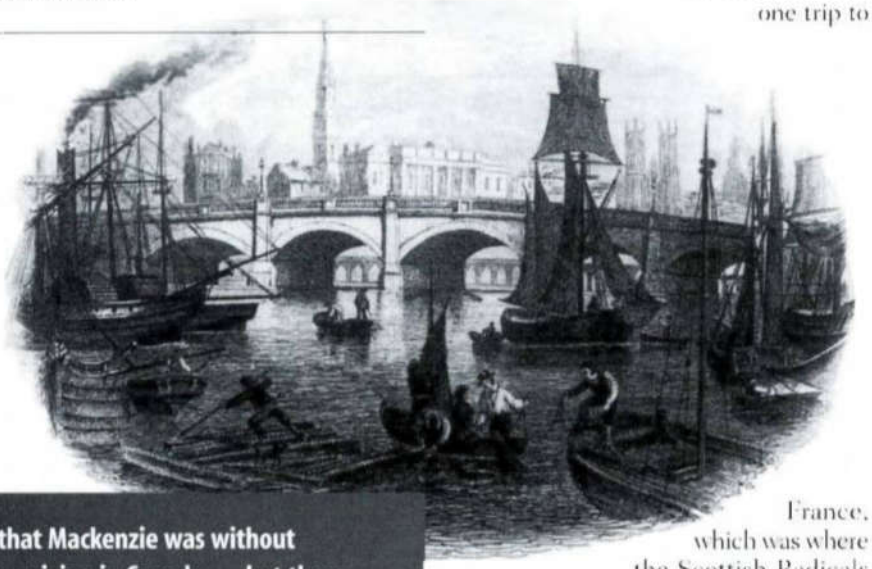
McGill-Queen's University Press

JOHN SEWELL

Encounter

Former Toronto mayor John Sewell speculates on the radical youth of his predecessor, Toronto's first mayor William Lyon Mackenzie.

Standing on a Dundee quay in the rain, in early April 1820. The turmoil in Glasgow, on the west coast, is on everyone's mind. On April 1 a proclamation was posted signalling the attempt of a group of Radicals to displace the established order. "Equality of Rights (not of Property) is the object for which we contend," the proclamation read, and armed rebels marched on the city on April 5. They were disbursed within a week, and many fled to avoid arrest. English spies infiltrated many of the rebel committees, and the uprising was doomed to failure almost from the start.



Most historians have taken the position that Mackenzie was without journalistic or political experience before arriving in Canada ... but those are assumptions worth challenging.

I'm on the quay waiting to have a word with William Lyon Mackenzie before he boards the ship *Psyche* for Canada. His decision to leave the country seems to have been made quickly. I want to ask him a few questions about his life here in Scotland before he departs. Was he involved in the insurrection? So little is known about his first twenty-five years.

Four years after arriving in Canada in 1820, Mackenzie established his newspaper, the *Colonial Advocate*, which almost single-handedly popularized the progressive agenda for the colony and created the language of reform. Four years after that, he was elected to the Legislative Assembly where his tenacity and strategy enraged the Family Compact (and occasionally his fellow reformers) while having a broad appeal to the common person. He became the first mayor of the new city of Toronto in 1834, and was cast in a leadership role of the failed Rebellion in 1837, after which he spent fourteen years in exile before being allowed to return.

Most historians have taken the position that Mackenzie was without journalistic or political experience before arriving in Canada – that he just happened to have innate abilities in these two fields of endeavour. But those are assumptions worth challenging, and it would be good to get Mackenzie's own views firsthand.

If he arrives on this quay, I have some questions about his political life. Mackenzie was from this city on the east coast of Scotland, and in recent years had spent time in London. Was he a supporter of the rebels, perhaps as a runner of money, arms, and information?

The record of what Mackenzie had been doing for the previous few years is not clear. His biographer and son-in-law Charles Lindsey quotes Mackenzie as stating that in London in the previous few years he "plunged in to the vortex of dissipation and contracted a fondness for play." But throughout his life in Canada he showed no interest in wine, women, or cards, and one wonders if perhaps he used "dissipation" as a cover-up for more political activities that he did not want to talk about. During this period he made at least one trip to France, which was where the Scottish Radicals went to avoid the English police. That's where the Radical laird George Kinlock had gone in November 1819 to avoid arrest. Was Mackenzie carrying information back and forth across the English Channel for the Radicals?

Was he supporting the Radical cause in England as it tried to garner support at large public meetings, like the one at St. Peter's Square in Manchester where eleven were killed? Is this where Mackenzie honed his speaking, organizing, and political skills?

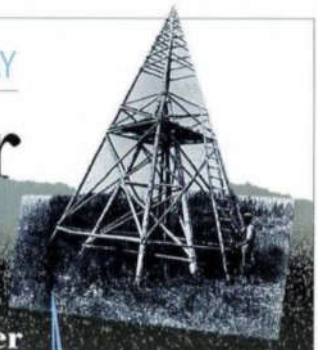
I want to ask Mackenzie these questions. Whatever information was in his personal possession was lost when he fled after government forces dispersed the rebels from Montgomery's Tavern on December 7, 1837. There seems to be nothing in Scottish or English archives that will tell us more. I need to talk to the man himself.

And will he appear on the quay tonight? Will he have replaced his red wig, covering the head made bald by scarlet fever when a young lad, to create a disguise? Is this part of the story, too, a mystery?

John Sewell's most recent book *Mackenzie: A Political Biography of William Lyon Mackenzie* is published by James Lorimer and Company.

COMING IN APRIL | MAY

The Beaver



A Line in the Water

The international squabble over a Lake-of-the-Woods swamp.

BY HEATHER ROBERTSON

"Queer Doings"

A revealing Upper Canada inquiry into one man's sex life. BY ROBERT J. BURNS

All Our Yesterdays

Recovering the past with Canada's oral historians. BY MICHAEL RIORDON

For proud Canadians – flags, flagpoles, pins, crests, decals, books, coats of arms – and more!

EST. 1975

THE FLAG SHOP®

11 stores to serve you

VICTORIA	VANCOUVER	CALGARY	EDMONTON
(250)382-3524	(604)736-8161	(403)640-1842	(780)484-5850
1-800-665-3996	1-800-663-8681	1-800-566-3524	1-800-387-7913
SASKATOON	**WINNIPEG**	**LONDON**	**TORONTO**
(306)651-3524	(204)452-2689	(519)652-2256	(416)736-3524
1-877-651-3524	1-800-260-3713	1-877-884-2256	

OTTAWA	MONTREAL	DARTMOUTH
(613)789-5456	(514)396-3524	(902)434-1695
1-800-556-3524	1-877-396-3524	1-800-563-3524

Online shopping at www.flagshop.com

Artifact

Beginning in 1912, **bathing suits** could be rented from the Vancouver Parks Board through the various bath houses dotted along the city beaches. The original models were even more modest than the style above, which was first available in 1921.

The suits were made of knitted black wool, decorated with coloured bands, and embroidered on the chest with the name of the appropriate bath house – Kitsilano, in this example. A large "C.V." (City of Vancouver) and an inventory number were stencilled on the back.

This suit, which is on display in the Vancouver Museum's Orientation Gallery, celebrates the life of Joe Fortes who, early in the twentieth century, was the unofficial custodian of the beach at English Bay and one of the best-known and popular figures in town. Of unascertained origin and age, Fortes worked in frontier Vancouver in many capacities suited to his large size, but it was as a swimmer and lifeguard that he made a lasting impression. He taught three generations of the city's children to swim, and is officially credited with twenty-nine rescues from drowning. After his death in 1922, a memorial plaque was raised at English Bay and a branch of the library named for him.

For more information, contact:
Vancouver Museum
1100 Chestnut Street
Vancouver, BC V6J 3J9
T: (604) 736-4431
F: (604) 736-5417
E: general@vanmuseum.bc.ca
W: www.vanmuseum.bc.ca

THE Society

CANADA'S HISTORY SOCIETY

Canada's National History Society

publisher of
The Beaver
Canada's History Magazine

Founded in 1994 to popularize Canadian history, the work of Canada's National History Society includes *The Beaver* magazine, the Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History—to honour the country's best history teachers—and the Pierre Berton Award—to recognize those who have brought history to a wider audience.

Board of Directors:

James Arnett, *Toronto*; **Joanne Burgess**, *Ottawa/Montreal*; **René Durocher**, *Montreal*; **Marianne Fedori**, *Edmonton*; **Brian Grose**, *Oakville*; **Fernand Harvey**, *Sainte-foy, QC*; **Charles Hou**, *Vancouver*; **Eric Jackman**, *Toronto*; **Joseph E. Martin**, *Toronto*; **Patricia O'Brien**, *St. John's*; **Mark Starowicz**, *Toronto*; **Bill Waiser**, *Saskatoon*

Deborah Morrison, *President and Executive Director*

Catherine Kupfer, *Manager, Finance & Development*

Advisory Council:

Charles Baillie, *Toronto*
The Rt. Hon. Romeo Leblanc, *Memracook, NB*
Don Newman, *Ottawa*
Peter C. Newman, *Vancouver*
Dick Pound, *Montreal*
Duff Roblin, *Winnipeg*
Jane Urquhart, *Southwestern Ontario*

President's Message

Canada's National History Society is nearing its tenth anniversary.

Over the past decade, we have witnessed unprecedented growth in Canadian interest in history. More history is being taught in schools. There is more history programming on television than ever before. This heightened awareness in and exposure to our past presents a tremendous opportunity for the Society. To help us realize it, our Society is launching a new logo and image as part of its strategic plan.

Since its inception, the History Society has introduced three key programs to further its mandate of popularizing Canadian history: the Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History, which annually honours Canada's best history teachers; the Pierre Berton Award, which celebrates those who bring history to life in popular media; and a program to provide financial support to provincial and territorial history societies for their own projects. Through our publishing and promotional efforts, we aim to broaden our network to bring these varied communities of interest closer together, and to readily identify their common link through Canada's National History Society.

The *Beaver* magazine remains at the forefront of our programming. We value our role as the sole publisher of factual, popular Canadian history content for adult audiences. The History Society currently reaches over 50,000 households in Canada, but we want to encourage even more growth, reaching out to an increasingly diverse set of history interests. The fresh perspectives about Canadian history you have come to expect from the *Beaver* will be maintained, and occasionally expanded, to showcase the champions of history identified by our other activities whose efforts do much to enrich our understanding of our past and the many ways our history is created, celebrated, and communicated.

CANADA'S HISTORY SOCIETY

The New Face of History

The new identity for Canada's National History Society – shown above – is a bold, visual statement of the organization's primary focus – history. Although presented here in English only, the logo has also been developed for French and bilingual applications.

The spiral glyph that forms the *O* in history is suggestive of a petroglyph or a rune. Graphically, the spiral is meant to convey time and motion to inject a dynamic element to the logo. The symbol is also believed to be the precursor to the ancient runic symbol *jera*, the Norse word for *year*. Since prehistoric times, the spiral has been almost universally used by cultures around the world, including North American aboriginal cultures and Celtic, Norse, and Germanic cultures. This cultural diversity is, of course, also reflective of Canada. The spiral's meaning varies by culture, but common interpretations are: evolution of the universe (time), continual change, spiritual growth and transformation, migrations, life, infinity, and origins.

G.G. Award Recipients Honoured in Ottawa

Six recipients of the Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History were honoured by the History Society and its partners November 16 at a ceremony at Rideau Hall in Ottawa. This is the first time the award was shared among six teachers. Previously, there were one recipient and eleven finalists. Her Excellency, the Right Honourable Adrienne Clarkson, Governor General of Canada, presented the awards. The gala weekend included special evening events hosted by Canada's National History Society and the National Archives of Canada. Recipients were thrilled to get a rare glimpse of work being done at the National Archives and its new state-of-the-art storage facility thirty minutes outside of Ottawa in Gatineau, Quebec.

PHOTOS COURTESY CBRD

Governor General's Award recipients at Rideau Hall (top). From left, front row: Josette Bouchard-Muller, award recipient; Deborah Morrison, CNHS president and executive director; Her Excellency, the Right Honourable Adrienne Clarkson; Joe Martin, CNHS board chief executive officer; James Arnett, CNHS board chair; back row: award recipients Carol White, John Jamieson, Barbara Brockmann, Nick Brune, Ken Marland.

Bernard Courtois of Bell Canada and Toronto teacher Josette Bouchard-Muller (above) at the award dinner at the National Arts Centre, Friday, November 15.

Erratum: It was incorrectly stated in our December 2002 / January 2003 issue, p. 53, that Duff Roblin was "currently a member of the Senate." Roblin retired from the Senate in 1992. We apologize for the error.

Museum Discounts Membership in Canada's National History Society provides reduced admission to the following leading Canadian museums:

- Royal British Columbia Museum, Victoria
- Vancouver Museum
- Vancouver Maritime Museum
- Whyte Museum of the Canadian Rockies, Banff
- Glenbow Museum, Calgary
- Provincial Museum of Alberta, Edmonton
- Saskatchewan Western Development Museum, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, North Battleford, Yorkton
- Dalnavert Museum, Winnipeg
- The Manitoba Museum, Winnipeg
- Western Canada Aviation Museum, Winnipeg
- Bata Shoe Museum, Toronto
- McCord Museum of Canadian History, Montreal
- Pointe à Callière, Musée d'archéologie et d'histoire de Montréal
- Canadian Museum of Civilization, Hull, QC
- New Brunswick Museum, Saint John
- Yarmouth County Museum, Yarmouth, NS

A discount of at least 10 percent on regular admission will be given upon presentation of your membership card. Some restrictions may apply. All subscribers to the *Beaver* are automatically members of the Society.

CHRISTOPHER **Moore**

In the Long Run

SASKATCHEWAN ARCHIVES BOARD / R-A15077-1

"If people in any country should be aware of environmental factors in history, it should be Canadians," says Chad Gaffield.

Particularly these days, as drought scours the Prairies and the Kyoto Protocol stirs up our politics. These days, weather chat means less of "Do I need an overcoat?" and more of "Will climate change end civilization as we know it?" Some of our historians are suggesting that's a historical question. It's about changing relations between people and environments.

Someone thinking this way is Norman Conrad of Calgary. He's no historian. He's a lawyer and longtime environmental activist, but he started to think Alberta needed a benchmark, a taking stock of where all these polluting practices and policies he once battled had come from. So he wrote one, *Reading the Entrails: An Alberta Eco-History*.

For his benchmark, Conrad chose the ending of the Ice Ages and the return of life to Alberta. "Well, it did provide the cleanest possible slate. A most convenient starting point for any consideration of people and landscape!"

Reading the Entrails is full of fresh perspectives on 10,000 years of people and land in the West. In a place where wild game is still a powerful symbol, Conrad points out, domesticated "megafauna" (cows, mostly) now outnumber wild ones 100 to one. His account of environmental destruction is bitterly critical, a polemic on 250 years of abuse. This is environmental history that takes its starting point from ecological activism and contemporary conditions.

Ottawa history professor Chad Gaffield, who helped assemble a text in Canadian environmental history in hopes of "kick starting a discipline into being," sees a different origin to the field: in trends of scholarly thought. "What we learned from the social history of the 1970s and the cultural history of the 1980s was about the importance of relationships. We could not focus just on class, or gender, or any one thing, but on the interconnectedness and complexity of whatever we were interested in historically." Environmental history meant extending that sense of relationships "from humans alone to humans in their environments .... not just what people do to the land, but what the land does to the people."

Recently, young historian Neil Forkey has been trying to do that on a couple of centuries of human settlement in Ontario's Trent Valley. In a yet-to-be-published scholarly study, he has been considering how Irish settlers reacted to the thin soils and harsh winters of the Trent Valley, how marsh farmers conflicted with dam builders, and even how writer Catherine Parr Traill became a source of environmental history. ("She arrived wide-eyed, in love with progress. But she lived through sixty years of environmental change, constantly botanizing, and every twenty-five years her opinions seemed to change. She's just so interesting.")

Forkey comes from the United States, where environmental history is well established as a subfield of academic history. But he thinks it's not just cultural lag that has slowed EH in Canada. In Canada, he notices, we have historical geography.

Graeme Wynn, a geographer at the University of British Columbia, agrees. "The weakness of historical geography [in the U.S.] meant there was more of a vacuum for the historians to fill," he

says. But he and his colleagues and predecessors have been writing about Canadian peoples and lands in historical perspective for a long time. Anyway, he is convinced environmental history will always be different in Canada.

Most of the leaders in the American EH field draw on a tradition rooted in that westward movement of the American frontier. "And that does not translate to Canada. We have a more permanent frontier line." Wynn thinks of older scholarship like that of Harold Innis and of W.L. Morton, who observed the North is the Canadian frontier and remains resistant to transformation by settlement. "This is a land of limitation, I have written," says Wynn. "There is a different relationship of people to the environment than the more fertile and productive environments of the United States permit."

Environmental historians and geographers think of ecological change and human history across decades or generations. For a really long view, I found myself immersed in *The Eternal Frontier*, an ecological history of North America by Australian scientist Tim Flannery. When Flannery looks for a benchmark, he really goes back. He starts with the asteroid impact 65 million years ago that wiped out not just the dinosaurs, but almost all North American life. From that grim beginning, his story is of life being reinvented again and again: uintatherium and entelodonts, sloths and camels and elephants, whole bizarre ecologies flickering past like time-lapse photography.

In Flannery's perspective, almost all our present "wildlife" is startlingly new. Bison, moose, elk, and wolves, he says, are as new (or old) as humans in North America. They all peopled the Americas together less than 20,000 years ago, as the last Ice Age released its grip and Ice Age creatures plunged into oblivion.

Indeed, Flannery suggests, the North American ecology has been out of balance ever since the demise of mammoths and mastodons. What the North American environment really needs, he says, seemingly seriously, is the return of the elephant! Now there is an ecological perspective.

Humanity's recent impact on the environment has been catastrophic, and the changing environment may yet prove catastrophic for humanity. Norman Conrad reminds us in his Alberta case study. On a finer scale, people and their ecologies always have subtly changing relationships, say Gaffield, Forkey, and Wynn. Still, Flannery may leave you thinking that the environment has barely noticed us and, with us or without us, will roll on inexorably. Give it another million years, and everything we recognize will be merely a dot on the chart.

Reading the Entrails: An Alberta Eco-History by Norman C. Conrad was published by University of Calgary Press in 1999.

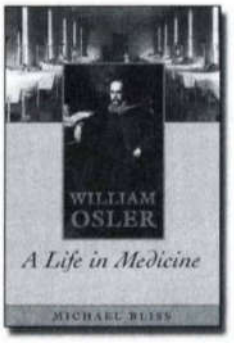
Consuming Canada: Readings in Environmental History edited by Chad and Pam Gaffield was published by Copp Clark in 1995.

Shaping the Upper Canadian Frontier by Norman Forkey was published by the University of Calgary Press in 2002.

The Eternal Frontier: An Ecological History of North America and its Peoples by Tim Flannery was published by Atlantic Monthly Press in 2001.

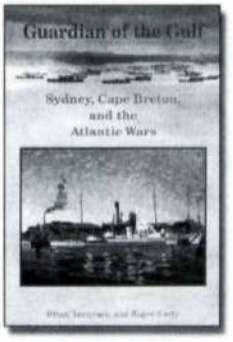
Graeme Wynn is still hard at work on his survey of Canadian environmental history.

CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER
Writing on the Frontier
Jean Barman
416 pp • 24 halftones
Hardcover $50.00
0802036783

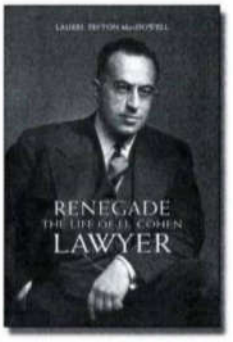


WILLIAM OSLER
A Life in Medicine
Michael Bliss
624 pp • 37 halftones
Now available in
Paperback $29.95
0802085415

SOJOURNING SISTERS
The Lives and Letters of Jessie and Annie McQueen
Jean Barman
336 pp • 15 halftones
Hardcover $50.00
080203697X



GUARDIAN OF THE GULF
Sydney, Cape Breton, and the Atlantic Wars
Brian Tennyson and Roger Sarty
506 pp • 16 halftones
Now available in
Paperback $27.95
0802085458



RENEGADE LAWYER
The Life of J.L. Cohen
Laurel Sefton MacDowell
400 pp • 10 halftones
Now available in
paperback $35.00
0802085601

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS
CALL 1-800-565-9523 • FAX 1-800-221-9985 • WWW.UTPPUBLISHING.COM

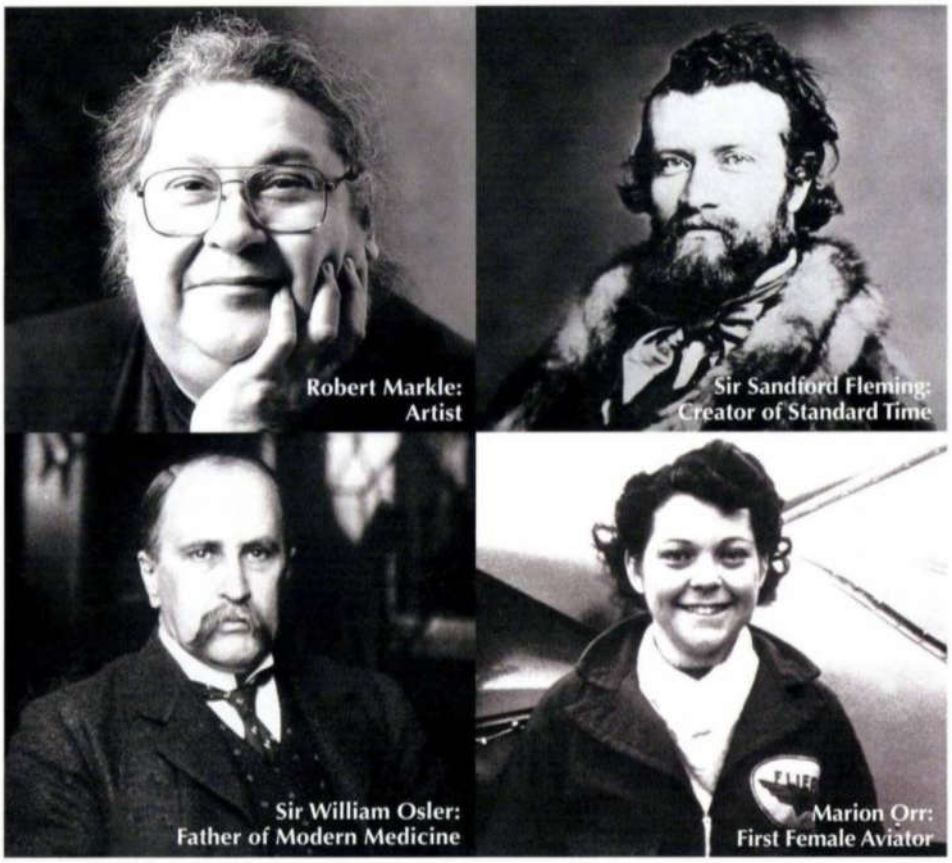
Album

John Macfie, who submitted this photograph to the *Beaver*, is the nephew of Muriel, Gladys, and Norman Macfie. He lives in Parry Sound, Ontario.

Clowning Around If she could, Muriel Macfie preferred not to take the usual picture—of family members or friends lined up grinning before the camera. A teenager, she thought it would be much more fun to capture the ordinary stuff of life on the Macfie farm at Dunchurch, northeast of Parry Sound, Ontario, and send the prints (developed herself) to her three older brothers who were fighting in the Great War. Who knows with what pleasure a picture like this would be received in the trenches of France, this evocation of pure joy on a winter afternoon in Canada. It is a setup, of course—of three siblings who have come a cropper exiting the barnyard on a winter snowshoe hike. Muriel spins on the rail; youngest brother, Norman, has already stumbled; sister Gladys is next. You can almost hear the laughter.

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in our country's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied at your local photo shop (please don't send priceless originals) and send it to: Album, c/o *The Beaver*, #478–167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your copy returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

CANADIANS DON'T BRAG ABOUT THEIR LIVES. SO WE WILL.



AN ALLIANCE ATLANTIS NETWORK

CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS

9PM ET/PT

"Canadian History Wednesdays" feature the surprising true stories of the extraordinary people who built this country and have left a lasting impression.

HISTORY TELEVISION

HistoryTelevision.ca

HISTORY™ TELEVISION

EASTERN	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7:00 AM	THE CANADIANS					CANADIAN HISTORY (Wed. 9 pm)	THE BEST OF CANADA
7:30 AM							
8:00 AM	THE GREATEST JOURNEYS ON EARTH						
8:30 AM						PAID PROGRAMMING	PAID PROGRAMMING
9:00 AM	TIMELINES OF THE CENTURY TBC						
9:30 AM							
10:00 AM	GHOST TOWNS	STREETS OF THE WORLD	CANADIAN SERIES Sketches of Our Town	SCATTERING OF SEEDS	JOURNEY HOME	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
10:30 AM	WAY WE WERE	FASHION QUEST	ODYSSEYS	SECRET WEAPONS (US)	HISTORY LANDS		
11:00 AM	TURNING POINTS						
11:30 AM							
12:00 PM	TOUR OF DUTY						
12:30 PM							
1:00 PM	HISTORY ON FILM					DOC SERIES (NON WAR)	WAR STORIES (Thurs. 9 pm)
1:30 PM							
2:00 PM						WESTERN MATINEE	HISTORY ON FILM
2:30 PM							
3:00 PM							
3:30 PM							
4:00 PM	HISTORY BITES						
4:30 PM	HISTORY LANDS						
5:00 PM	THE UNTOUCHABLES 1993					THE CANADIANS	WAR SERIES
5:30 PM							
6:00 PM	GHOST TOWNS	STREETS OF THE WORLD	CANADIAN SERIES Sketches of Our Town	SCATTERING OF SEEDS	JOURNEY HOME	GHOST TOWNS	ROYAL HOUR
6:30 PM	WAY WE WERE	FASHION QUEST	ODYSSEYS	SECRET WEAPONS (US)	HISTORY LANDS	STREETS OF THE WORLD	
7:00 PM	TOUR OF DUTY					LIVING HISTORY Pioneer Quest	DOC SERIES–NON WAR British Empire / The Prize
7:30 PM							
8:00 PM	CANADIAN ANTHOLOGIES					THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC HOUR	DOC SERIES–NON WAR Klondike / Exposed
8:30 PM	LEGENDS OF HOCKEY	WOMEN ADVENTURERS / SCANDAL THEN AND NOW	DISASTERS OF THE CENTURY	TIMELINES OF THE CENTURY	SEA HUNTERS		
9:00 PM	20TH CENTURY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAYS	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
9:30 PM							
10:00 PM							
10:30 PM							
11:00 PM	CHINA BEACH						
11:30 PM							
12:00 AM	20TH CENTURY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAYS	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
12:30 AM							
1:00 AM							
1:30 AM							
2:00 AM	CHINA BEACH						
2:30 AM							
3:00 AM	TOUR OF DUTY					THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC HOUR	DOC SERIES–NON WAR Klondike / Exposed
3:30 AM							
4:00 AM	CANADIAN ANTHOLOGIES					WESTERN MATINEE	DOC SERIES–NON WAR British Empire / The Prize
4:30 AM	LEGENDS OF HOCKEY	WOMEN ADVENTURERS / SCANDAL THEN AND NOW	DISASTERS OF THE CENTURY	TIMELINES OF THE CENTURY	SEA HUNTERS		
5:00 AM	PAID PROGRAMMING						ROYAL HOUR
5:30 AM							
6:00 AM	THE UNTOUCHABLES 1993						CABLE IN THE CLASSROOM
6:30 AM							

Program changes may occur.